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**Without Concealment----Without Compromise.**

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## Pro-Slavery.

From the London News.

### LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ZAMBA,

*An African Negro King, and his Experience of Slavery, in South Carolina. Written by himself.*

This is a curious production, and not without interest to the social and political student as well as to the general reader. Although not entirely free from the suspicion of being merely a *made* book, there is an air of natural simplicity about it not likely to be the result of artifice, which, to some extent, neutralizes the unfavourable suspicion, and offers a guarantee for its genuineness. The work professes to be the history of a negro Prince, enjoying considerable power and reputation in his own country on the banks of the Congo, who conceived a strong desire to visit the white man's land, and, with that intention, embarked with considerable wealth, in gold and slaves, on board one of the American slavers. The nature of the captain was not proof against the powerful temptation—twenty thousand dollars were not to be made every day; and, calculating upon immunity from the laws of his country, he sold the Prince along with his slaves, and seized the whole of his property, except a small portion which the cunning African contrived to conceal. The Prince was made a slave, and actually underwent, although in one of its mildest forms, that dreadful dispensation through which many of the heroes of antiquity passed, and to the possibility of which they all were subject.

About one-half of the volume consists of the history of the early life of the writer—the deeds and misdeeds of his tribe—their hunting and trading expeditions—for Zembola, the father of Zambo, carried on a profitable commerce in the blood of his race—their drinking bouts, and warlike exploits. The picture of what Channing, in his enthusiasm, ventured to call the noblest race on the earth's surface, even when painted by one of themselves, is the reverse of agreeable. Zembola was killed in a foray, in which his people invaded a flourishing village, the chief of which had offended him, and utterly destroyed it; burning the huts down to the ground, and slaughtering or carrying into slavery the inhabitants, leaving not one alive. This was an ordinary occurrence. Many of the adventures described are striking, anecdotes fresh, the characters original—to the reader for amusement this part of the work will prove the more interesting. The few remarks we shall have to offer, will be upon the great questions which it incidentally lays open for discussion.

Of course, the work is intended as a contribution to the Anti-Slavery movement, and, as such, will be chiefly read in this country. Yielding to no one in the intensity of our conviction that slavery is a violation of the first principles of the moral law and the elements of sound policy, we are far from being able to approve of the means adopted on the other side of the Atlantic, and sanctioned by many well-meaning persons on this, for its abolition. Those means are notorious—they extend so far as to encourage the slave to run away from his master, and to afford facilities for his so doing; thus violating the first guarantee of civilized society—the sacredness of the property of each individual member. It is contended that man cannot hold a property in man, and that consequently no title to such possessions can be valid. This is a mere sophism, which becomes transparent if applied to the past, as well as to the present; against it might be quoted the opinions of the great jurists of all civilized countries, and the uniform practice of the nations of antiquity. This notion of the absolute freedom and sacredness of human life has a modern origin. It had its genesis in Western Europe; and it owes, if not its birth, at least its recognition, to that great revolution which marked the advent of the existing cycle of civilization. With the progress of time, new ideas are evolved—new moralities have advent. Human institutions wear out: they serve their purpose, die away, and are succeeded by others which the requirements of the age necessitate. To attempt to destroy them, while their vitality remains, is a fatuity—to attempt to keep them up after their destiny is accomplished can only result in a failure.

We cannot be, for a moment, suspected of a wish to uphold Slavery; we, therefore, consider ourselves the more free to offer our opinion to the liberal portion of the English public on a question, upon which we have as a nation already pronounced, but upon which attempts are being made to get up an agitation vitally affecting the interests and social condition of a state with which we are connected by the ties of blood, and the most intimate and friendly political and commercial relations.

Slavery is a most mysterious institution. Its origin is unknown. At the dawn of the historic times we find it universally prevailing. Throughout the most distant and diverse empires of the ancient world it flourished. The great lawgivers of antiquity recognized it as a social institution. Neither the laws of Moses, of Christ, nor of Mahommed, forbad it. But, as an institution, it has been decaying from the earliest times—giving way, wearing out; slowly, yet surely. In the era of the Hellenic civilization, and even for some centuries later, it existed in an infinitely more aggravated form than now. Then the chances of war might give the highest intellect into personal bondage. The Helots were Greeks. With us, even to the small extent that slavery remains, it is only the, perhaps, lowest race, and one strikingly contrasted in organization and colour to the superior and civilized races, that it obtains with.

Whatever may have been the necessity for this mysterious institution—for in the economy of human life no institution can generally prevail without a great necessity for it existing—it is evidently in a state of inevitable decay, and, unless the impatient but imprudent zeal of its assailants originate some new element of conservation it cannot last long. Abolitionists should remember that this is a social not a political question. It is a question beyond the province of the legislation of a free country. Men cannot so readily adapt themselves to social as to political revolutions. Social institutions are slow in their growth, and equally slow in their decline. Where they are deeply rooted they cannot be torn up without great violence, and any attempt upon them from without, only tends, as in this case of Slavery in North America, to perpetuate them in a more aggravated form.

It is a great mistake to suppose that because agitation has been found to be an effective instrument against an administration, that it is a fit agency to employ against the usages of a people. Agitation is only imposing so far as it expresses the power which, at a critical moment, may be brought to bear upon a given point; if there be no real power to act, the agitation is idle. The League had little weight in the councils of the State until it appeared in the registration courts—the conquest of two great counties put an end to resistance. This was power. Anything analagous to this exists not in the Anti-Slavery movements. There are no obvious, and at the same time just and politic, means of acting upon Slavery, and would there find the order for their

the people of the slaveholding States. The menacing attitude assumed towards them has produced nothing but a feeling of determination not to be dictated to, and the fierce denunciations addressed to them have elicited only hatred and scorn in return.

That the transfer of the African race to the American soil, and to contact with civilized life, has infinitely improved their condition, cannot be doubted. The book before us adds another instance in confirmation of this assertion. This negro had it in his power to return to his dominions, but he preferred to remain as a slave on the banks of the Cooper, rather than to reign as a King on those of the Congo; and he gives, incidentally, many satisfactory reasons for this determination. To the young negro savage, fresh from the African prairies, the gift of absolute freedom might probably prove more than dangerous. Education—a knowledge of the duties, as well as of the rights, of the citizen—only can fit a man for freedom. The discipline of Slavery was necessary as a medium of transition from the merely animal existence of Africa, to the political and social liberty of the United States. This, however, no longer exists, as the law prohibits the importation of slaves. No man can now *make* slaves in America. The only way to multiply them is by breeding, and this cannot easily be done by force.

We, as Englishmen, ought to pause before we cast mire at the slave-owners. Let us recollect that *we* bequeathed to the United States the social institution which we now, in all the fervour of a new convert and a newly-adopted virtue, denounce. Let us remember how very recently it was that we wiped *our* hands of the foul sin. Let us bear in mind how many of our great seaports, and flourishing cities, rose up from the trade in those very human beings, whose emancipation we now ask for at the hands of the very men to whom *we* sold them. Such reflections ought to make us moderate our virtuous violence, and induce us to wait patiently for that natural extinction to which, as an institution, Slavery is inevitably doomed.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

In the first place, these anniversaries have shown that the question of Slavery—that plague and opprobrium of our country—is mixing itself with almost every department of Christian and benevolent effort. As an eloquent speaker observed, "it comes up over the land like the frogs in Egypt"; swarming over the whole field of benevolent operation, threatening to drown, by its discordant notes, all persuasives to other action. It seems destined, like an army of locusts, to destroy the "green pastures" of the Church of God, and choke up the "waters of quietness" which irrigate the garden of the Lord. It is evidently becoming *the* question which is to eat up, like Pharaoh's lean kine, every other, and create a dearth and famine of benevolent effort.

It confronted and had well nigh struck down the angelic form of Christian unity in the conference of the Evangelical Alliance, and only refrained from its purpose when it was allowed to dwell in the same camp, on the admission of its rights and with the credit of having been generous enough to forego the death-blow for the sake of peace. For an entire day it was enthroned in the Tabernacle, multitudes listening to its plaint of woe, sympathizing in its appeals, and devising means, with more or less wisdom, though with equal enthusiasm, for its immediate or its gradual and final adjustment.

In one form or other it exerted an influence over every meeting, either sitting boldly with the officers or peering from behind some cautiously worded resolution, or suddenly evoked from concealment and revealed to the audience by a burst of eloquence or flash of genius from some untrammelled and impassioned speaker. Welcome or unwelcome, treated with respect or with scorn, lauded or denounced, we believe there was scarcely a meeting, certainly not one of any importance, where either on sufferance or by invitation, as friend or foe, as host or guest, the question of Slavery had not its influence on the discussions. We advert to the *fact* only, as something worthy of observation and of grave consideration in view of the future. What the effect has been, what it will be, deserves and demands from every Christian philanthropist the most careful scrutiny.

## Selections.

From the Boston Courier.

### WHITE SERVITUDE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

At the present time, when public attention is so earnestly directed to the subject of Slavery, every fact or circumstance connected with its introduction or abolition in any of the New England States is of interest.

The inhabitants of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, besides their negro slaves, had natives of Ireland, Scotland and England in subjection to them, whose time, for a period of years, longer or shorter, was sold to pay the expenses of their transportation.

After the battle of Dunbar,—Cromwell's "*crowning mercy*,"—and again, after the defeat of the followers of Charles Stuart at Worcester,—the "*great crowning mercy*,"—Parlament, the tool of the army, ordered the prisoners, whose rank was too low to entitle them to the honor of being beheaded, to be *transported* to the plantations. They were sold to pay for the passage-money; that is, the masters or owners of ships at the great ports took them on board, conditioned to deliver them on shore in one of the plantations. Cromwell gladly executed this execrable policy, and sent the major part of these victims of civil war to the West Indies, where, no doubt, most perished by the climate. Others, whose happier chance was to be taken by the ship John and Sarah, Capt. John Greene, were brought to the port of Charleston, consigned to John Kemble, to be disposed of by him, for the account of John Beer and Robert Rich.

The names of two hundred and seventy of the persons shipped on board the John and Sarah, with the owner's instructions, are recorded in the Suffolk county records for the year 1652. Many of these names are the same, of both Christian and surnames, as those of our fellow-citizens of the present day.

The common names of Ross, Gordon, Robinson, Simson, Boyd, Smith, Anderson, Jackson, Hamilton, Stewart, Wilson, Hunt, Patterson, Hudson, Moore, Russell, Howe, Miller, Kallender, Perry, Jones, Grant, Morton, and Scott, together with numerous others, appear.

Nearly the whole number have Scripture names. Forty-five, or one-sixth part of the whole, bear the name of John; twenty-six rejoice in the name of Daniel; twenty-three are called James, and fourteen David. Of those not designated by Hebrew names eighteen are called "Patrick," which is nearly as good as a Scripture tittle, for it is the name of a Saint.

The Rev. John Cotton, the then venerable pastor of the First Church in Boston, wrote the "LORD GENERAL CROMWELL," in the year 1651, as follows: "The Scots whom God delivered into your hands at Dunbarre, and whereof sundry were sent hither, we have been desirous (as we could) to make their yoke easy Such as were sick of the scurvy or other deseases have not wanted physic and chyrogery.—They have not been sold for slaves to perpetual servitude, but for six or seven or eight years, as we do our own; and he that bought the most of them (I heare) buildeth houses for them, for every four an house, layeth some acres of ground thereto, which he giveth them as their own, requiring three days in the week to work for him (by turnes) and four dayes for themselves, and promiseth, as soone as they can repay him the money he layeth out for them, he will set them at liberty."

In 1672 the average price of a white servant, where five years' service was due, was about £10, while a negro was worth £20 or £25.

Governor Bradstreet, in 1680, says, about one hundred or one hundred and twenty of these persons were living in servitude, and about half as many Irish.

Doubtless there are many individuals, upon whom fortune has smiled, in this country, and whose children assume a patrician haughtiness on account of their family possessions would arrive at the cargo of the John and Sarah; were they to trace back their

fathers' market-value, to be invested in "provisions, and such other things as are, in New England, fit for the West Indies;" and in searching for their family coat of arms, would ascertain the fact, that their progenitors had no coats to their arms. H.

From the Boston Courier

A writer over the signature of "D. H." (probably the Hon. David Henshaw) in the Boston Post of Thursday, has noticed an article respecting the abolition of Slavery in Massachusetts, which appeared in the Courier of Tuesday last, and says the statement made by Mr. Henshaw respecting the abolition of Slavery in this State, "was made on the authority of several different individuals who were in public life at the period of the adoption of the Constitution, and of the judicial decision under it;" and adds that "the very fact that a judicial decision was resorted to, to affect abolition, tends to confirm the correctness of this statement."

Unless we are very much in error, a judicial decision was not resorted to, to affect abolition, as D. H. supposes.

In 1781, at the Court in Worcester county, an indictment was found against a white man for assaulting, beating, and imprisoning a black. He was tried at the Supreme Judicial Court in 1783. His defence was, that the black was his slave, and that the beating, &c. was the necessary restraint and correction of his master.

This was answered by citing the first article in the Declaration of Rights. The judges and jury were of opinion that he had no right to beat or imprison the negro. He was found guilty and fined forty shillings. This decision was the death-blow to Slavery in Massachusetts.

The second sentence quoted by the writer in the Post from the article in the Courier, is the exact language of Chief Justice Parsons in the year 1806, in a decision made upon a question involving the subject of Slavery.

Mr. Parsons was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of 1780. The Declaration of Rights and Constitution were drawn up by a sub-committee, of which Mr. Parsons was a prominent member.

The Committee reported the first article as follows:—"All men are born equally free and independent." The Convention amended this line by condensing it, so that it read, "All men are born free and equal." We presume the name of Parsons, in this connection, is the highest authority.

The last two lines of the first sentence quoted by D. H. are the words of the Hon. Lemuel Shaw, at present the highest judicial officer in Massachusetts, respecting whom, we presume no higher praise can be named than to say, he fills with ability the seat once occupied by Theophilus Parsons. The sentence occurs in the memorable decision in the case of the slave girl Med.

The remainder of the sentence above quoted, is the language, "word for word and letter for letter," of Dr. Belknap, the elegant and correct historian, good authority for all matters relating to American history. This sentence can be found in the 4th vol. of Mass. Hist. Coll. first series, article, Belknap's letter to Judge Tucker.

We were well aware that Mr. Henshaw was a very careful writer, with a knowledge of facts and a general acquaintance with all matters pertaining to history, which few men possess; and in correcting what we regarded an erroneous statement, and one, which in our judgment injured the fair fame of our fathers, we were careful to copy the *exact words* used by Parsons, Shaw, and Belknap, so that, if our position was disputed, we could fall back on "good authority."

D. H. remarks that a "similar sentiment in the Declaration of Independence has not received the like construction given to that in our bill of rights."

The most superficial examination into the relative circumstances attending the adoption of the two documents, the authority of the parties which sanctioned them, and the different objects in view by each, will afford an answer to the assertion.

There are at the present time not a few legal gentlemen who entertain the opinion that the sentence in the Constitution of the United States, which declares the object of that instrument to be to "establish justice," &c. would confer the inestimable blessing of FREEDOM to every slave in the territories and District of Columbia.

An attentive re-perusal of all the documents and facts relating to the subject, has confirmed us in our former conviction, that the men who framed the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1780, meant something more than a "rhetorical flourish," when they adopted that glorious line in the first article of our bill of rights, which asserts that "all men are born free and equal." H.

## Communications.

### The Guilt of England.

LETTER No. IV. AND LAST.

*S. E. Morse, Esq. of the New-York Observer:*

WILLIAMSBURGH, (L. I.) May 10, 1847.

SIR:—No reply as yet from *you*,—or the eulogist of your "able and convincing" letter,—to my review, (thus far) of that "timely" document. I will not conceal from you, that pending the publication of my second letter, I for the first time was informed of your absence. But it did not require much reflection to satisfy me that, under the circumstances, no feeling of delicacy required from me any forbearance on that account. Your letter was published *here*, either at your own instance, or some one of your admiring friends, only a few days before the date of my first, to you. So far as regards the English portion of *this* community, it was a new, open, and unprovoked assault on *them*; and as one of the aggrieved party, I have endeavoured, however feebly, to give it a proper reception.

Personally, *you* could not reply: *your absence* prevented that. But I confess my astonishment, that your *friends*, (if friends indeed they are,) should assume the responsibility, of republishing, as *yours*, the letter in question; made up, as it is, *entirely* of random assertions, and absurd conclusions, without the slightest attempt at *proof*, on their part, to justify and sustain the responsibility thus assumed by them. You have a heavy claim upon them for damages, in thus jeoparding your reputation. If I am spared until I finish this letter, I mean to furnish you with some additional data, to assist you, in estimating the amount.

I have lived long enough in this world, Sir, to be slow and cautious in forming conclusions. But surely I am entitled, from the evidence I have adduced, and the total absence of rebutting testimony from your side, to pronounce the assertions of your No. 1, to be utterly untrue. Possibly the Massachusetts case, to which you have alluded, may furnish some extremely slight exceptions. But until you give the "documents," I cannot decide. Mr. Jefferson's article on the subject, *omitted* in the Declaration of Independence, could have been no evidence, either on one side of this question or the other. But certainly its *omission*, furnishes strong *presumption* of its untruth.

I am not particularly anxious to disprove the assertion of your No. 2, namely: that "America led the way in the great Anti-Slavery movement, now going on over the world," &c. Nevertheless, so far as there is at present, any evidence, your assertion is manifestly untrue. The colonization of Georgia was, on the part of the proprietors and Government, a *bona fide* experiment to prevent the introduction of slaves into that colony. How strenuously they laboured to enforce their exclusion, which was a fundamental principle in the charter of Georgia; and, how pertinaciously they were resisted by the colonists, with final success—I have already shown by Dr. Farmer's letter. Now as to priority of effort, be pleased to note, Sir, that the first settlers for that colony, arrived in February, 1723, not seventy, but one hundred and fourteen years ago, and that this transaction was without doubt the first hearty and thorough, though unsuccessful attempt, to stay the progress of the accursed plague-spot of Slavery, in the English Colonies.

I cannot but marvel at your temerity, in resorting for cumulative proof of your assertion, to the year 1788, the period of our Constitution. I take the liberty, in the first place, of pointing out to your admirers—(*you* can scarcely need it,) a divergence from the truth, apparently too slight to require notice, but terminating, as all departures from truth necessarily must, in dangerous error. You tell us, that Carolina and Georgia, were prevailed upon to allow an article to be introduced into the new (present) Constitution, to *permit Congress*, to abolish the Slave-Trade, after twenty years. My reading of that transaction is different, namely: that the *concession was made, not* BY, *but* TO *them*; and that the clause in question was intended to restrain the exercise of that power, by Congress, for the specified time, which, without this express restraint, all felt that it rightfully possessed. The difference is material; and you will find my reading, the true one.

You have *brought* us to the Constitution; and I purpose, secondly, to tarry awhile, in order to make some exploration of its *terra incognita*. To most of your readers it will probably be *news*, (but that it should be so to you, seems almost incredible,) that to this *Constitution*, to this Covenant with Death and Hell, and *not to England*, do we owe the "*entailment of Slavery*" upon the people of these unhappy States! I pass by the clause relating to the scale of representation—the article in reference to the Slave-Trade just referred to—and the clause in reference to insurrections. But I do urge on *your* attention, and that of your friends, also, with the horror and indignation which it is calculated to excite, the wicked agreement to restore the fugitive slave to his master, which you will find in clause 3, section 2, of article iv. of this Constitution!

That this agreement is contrary to the express command of God, (Deuteronomy, chapter xxiii. 15 and 16,) is of course known to you. That every agreement to do wickedly, (wickedly, in the *general apprehension* of mankind,) is void in law, must be equally well known to you. To *prove* the wickedness of *this* agreement, I might refer to and recite a volume of the statutes of Slavery. But a single principle of law in all the slave States, will be decisive. The law *knows nothing of the marriages of slaves:* in its eyes, they are totally *invalid, and can have no legal existence* whatever. The consequences are what reason would lead us to predict, and experience has shown to exist. And yet to this great Southern brothel—to this den of savage licentiousness, and to the vengeance of his enraged master does this wicked agreement require us to render up the unhappy fugitive slave!

And this brings me by a natural and easy gradation to your theorem under the head of No. 4, which is, "that the rapid eradication of Slavery in the Southern States of America, by merely moral means, would be the greatest moral miracle the world ever saw." Under this head, I have found as yet nothing tangible, except the following inquiry: "How shall we contrive to abolish Slavery in a country where nothing can be done without the consent and co-operation of the actual slaveholder?" My answer is, take not the slaveholder *into your counsels at all*. On the contrary, let the free States, in their several Legislatures, manfully absolve themselves from this wicked *rendition clause*, solemnly declaring, that being contrary to the law, both of God and man, they *never could* be *legally* bound, and *will not any longer* abide by it. Let them by express law, require of successful candidates for office, that under penalty of forfeiting the same, they take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, only with *a qualification;* namely: to support it, in *so far only*, as its requirements do not conflict with good morals, settled and immutable law, and the express command of God in the Scriptures. Let the Divine command have the pre-eminence—be supreme law in *all* the States, (as before our present Constitution,) and I for one care very little about the other guaranties, as they are sometimes called. Cancel the rendition clause,—and we are required so to do by the highest of all authorities,—and the slaveholders are welcome to all the rest.

And is this indeed a moral miracle, so stupendous, that it would be presumption in us to look for it? Surely a Christian people would be eager to render a prompt and ready obedience to this merciful law of our Creator and Friend; and *all* men, Christians and unbelievers, must readily unite in enforcing that *human* law of ages, which is the admitted basis of all law, in all the courts in Christendom, including our own.

But would this course, faithfully pursued, eradicate Slavery? That result appears so obvious and certain, that it seems like an affront to the understanding to point out the steps which lead to it. Suppose the Divine command paramount in all the States; then a slave escaping from Georgia into Carolina, and vice versa, or from any one State into any other State, could not be given up to his former master. The master would then be compelled to argue, that his slave, if ill-treated, would escape, and *then* could not be recovered. Repeated concessions on one side, and increasing claims on the other, would soon render Slavery an intolerable burden, even to the master, and its abolition must soon necessarily follow.

Your argument, (if indeed argument that may be called, which argument is none,) under your No. 3, is a curiosity, sui generis. The caption reads thus: "The most praiseworthy manifestations of Anti-Slavery principle; and the greatest sacrifices in the Anti-Slavery cause, yet made in any part of the Anglo-Saxon world, have been made in the slaveholding States of America." A most extraordinary proposition; and no less wonderful, the proof! Taking the census of 1840, you find that the whole number of free coloured persons in the United States, in that year, was 215,580 persons. At the moderate price of £100 each person, their aggregate would be in sterling, twenty-one millions, five hundred and fifty-eight thousand pounds, "a sum greater than that paid by the people of Britain, for emancipation in the West Indies." And "this," you say, "is the sacrifice on the altar of Anti-Slavery principle, made in the slaveholding States of America!"

Is it possible, Sir, that all this is meant seriously? If it is, permit me to remind you that *Britain had* also a large number of free coloured persons. But certainly this is the first time that any merit or demerit, has been, so far as I know, ascribed to that circumstance. A *little* reflection, if you would so far condescend, might lead you to suspect that very little merit on this account, in either the English or American case may, or ought to be ascribed to the slaveholders of either country. A few slaves *may* from time to time have been made free by gift or devise. A much larger portion, probably, have purchased their own freedom, with the fruits of their extra labour, &c. But the *great* mass is doubtless the result of the same laws of population, which of a handful has made us, a great nation of twenty-four millions of people: that is to say, much the greater portion of those free coloured persons are the children of free persons, themselves the children of the free, &c. tracing back through an inverse and diminishing series. In a matter so incapable of being treated *accurately*, I can only furnish you with a few hints; and indeed I have nothing better for my own use. But if it *were* capable of *exact* analysis, no diligence could make the result worth one straw to either side of this question.

And this then is the letter which has received the plaudits of admiring friends, as "able" and "convincing," and been spoken of, as "timely" and "commendable," by several distinguished Scotchmen,—among others, by Dr. Chalmers! Few persons, deservedly, stand higher in public estimation than Dr. C. But judging from his alleged approval of the trash I have been reviewing, it is quite clear that he had no previous knowledge of the subject whatever. He probably judges by the rule, (in *general* a *safe* one,) that persons are to be known by the company they keep, and finding *you* in very *good* company, has received *your* statement without question, and suffered it to go out into the world, covered with the mantle of his approbation. I can readily imagine, however, the shame and indignation he will hereafter feel, when he finds, as he *will* find, how grossly he has been imposed upon by your statement.

Let me repeat, Sir, that your *friends* have deeply wronged you. Knowing, as they necessarily must have known—your reckless temper; and having in a good measure made themselves accountable for your proceedings by the countenance they gave you; they had a right to exercise the strictest control over such of your doings, as, *uncontrolled*, might impeach their own judgment and veracity. When, therefore, they became acquainted with the intended, and *astounding outbreak* of *your letter*, it became a duty to themselves, and especially to you, to remonstrate earnestly with you; and to urge you, by all the motives which are usually addressed to reckless tempers, and "green" inexperience, to forbear! Had your friends done this, with all the earnestness and determination which good faith manifestly required of them, instead of inflating you with this senseless applause, they would have been spared the shame of having endorsed the transparent and silly falsehoods of your letter, and I the task and labour of exposing them. P. SHAPTER.

### Letter from Canada.

APRIL 29th, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit a "friend in the West" to state that the assertion of Rev. Mr. Eddy, that sixteen fugitive slaves were in the Michigan Penitentiary, is found to be a mistake. It arose from confounding them with those who have been free; that among some hundreds of convicts, there should be sixteen *coloured* persons, cannot be considered a great marvel. That the intelligent coloured man in southern bondage would refuse liberty if *available*, is considered by the people who have already escaped, as utterly untrue. It must be considered as empty declamation until *tried*. How otherwise can it be demonstrated to be true? Intelligent ones admit that they always say this while in presence of the master, that they may render themselves suspicionless, and to curry favour with one in whose power is all their comfort, yet at that instant they are planning escape. The speaker mentioned as the *reason*, their *conscious depravity*, and implied that they were waiting for *moral training*. If the intelligent slave knows bondage to be a great moral school, he knows what the master and others do not know. Experience has demonstrated the reason a false one, especially as it is admitted by him that there are but *some* intelligent ones. It is evident also that the term intelligent is but a relative one, else white people would also prefer scourges and chains.

If, on the frontiers of Canada, there is so much more suffering than in Slavery, why do they not go back? We frequently have masters amongst us, offering all the comforts and moral elevation of blood, tyranny and chains, and a free passage to southern glory. Large farms, as well as money are offered. If slaveholders did not know all this to be false, they would not be so hot in pursuit, but would let the foolish depraved beast have his run out, and get into the distress of freedom, and after a time come and take the poor creature back to a comfortable home. If so comfortable, and so conscious of unfitness for freedom, why have twenty thousand already left the Southern halls of literature and landed in Canada, and thousands more in the States? I saw one this morning who has lived several years in the free States, and acquired a good common education, but was caught by his master and *confined* to be taken back, and by aid of friends made his escape to Canada. Why did not the master give the *intelligent* slave the offer of returning, instead of binding, and confining, and forcing him to go south for moral culture? Had the master and slave consulted Brother Eddy, he would have told them all about the matter at once. It is a wonder Brothers Douglass, Bibb, and Brown, have not gone back. They are called intelligent by common consent. Also if the "mass" are vicious, why are there not four hunderd coloured persons in the Michigan Penitentiary to sixteen whites, instead of the reverse? Why not more than one in Sandwich jail? In one township, (Colchester,) fifteen hundred acres of land have been taken up, and part payment made within the last eight months. But how is it that they are buying up all Canada, if thus degraded! Because stripped and worn down at the South, it has been thought right to have friends encourage the settlement, by donations in clothing, especially as they have to go back several miles, mostly in the woods. But again, they have in this place and through Canada, recently formed themselves into societies, declaring they are willing and able to take care of themselves and of their needy brethren, and mainly relieve the sympathy of those who have ever manifested a willingness to aid. But why this manly move, if unable to live here? The first was formed in Toronto, several hundred miles from this, and finding it useful, others have done the same. It is on this principle of ability, that they have objected to having land purchased for them.

In haste, I am, &c.

ISAAC J. RICE,
*Missionary, Canada.*

COMPLIMENTARY!—An Abolitionist of Auburn nominates the negro Freeman, who committed the revolting murders at Owasco, and for whom Gov. SEWARD has so warmly sympathized, as a proper candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Gen. TAYLOR.—*Roch. Adv.*

The nomination referred to was made by a Locofoco, through a Loco-foco medium. It was dictated by the same spirit which induced the President to furnish the Mexicans with an efficient General to cope with old Rough and Ready—which led to the attempt to drive him from the army by superceding him—which induced FICKLIN, and other Locofoco members of Congress, to excite the prejudices of the Locofocos against him, by denouncing him as a "Whig General"—and which led the House of Representatives to insult him by censuring his terms of capitulation at Monterey. Men who would go thus far in their abuse of a brave man, would find but little difficulty in going still farther. The nomination mentioned above is evidence of this. Its vile conception is only equalled by the contemptible attempt to fasten its paternity upon an "Abolitionist," when it originated with a Locofoco.—*Alb. Jour.*

When *George Dawson* penned the above reply to the Advertiser, he knew beyond a doubt that he was penning a positive falsehood. If he did not, he was equally guilty for asserting as positive something which he knew nothing about. But will any one believe that he is so ignorant as not to know the character of the *Anti-Slavery Standard?* He would probably feel indignant to be told he was thus ignorant. As to the assertion that a "Locofoco" wrote the article in which Gen. Taylor and William Freeman were nominated, it was, of course, a pure and unadulterated fiction, for he had no means of knowing who originated it. He may be assured that it may be rightfully charged to an Abolitionist, and no true one will fail to see the purpose for which it was written—not to cast odium upon Gen. Taylor, but to show in its true light, the depth of degradation any man brings himself to, when he "hires out" as an assassin, to murder, rob, and destroy, for any purpose, and still worse, to extend "the sum of all villainies," American Slavery. It was a contrast, not as a politician, but as a MURDERER, and viewed in this light, who will not say that in the eyes of an enlightened humanity, Gen. Taylor is a greater curse to the human race, than William Freeman? Yet one is chained in prison, waiting the decision of the *State* to have his neck broken; and the other is waiting the decision of the *United States* to sit in the Presidential chair. The Albany Journal and Rochester Democrat, (which was formerly edited by G. Dawson, now of the Journal,) are among the Whig papers of the day that have, for the last two years, uttered sundry hard sayings about Slavery, slaveholders, Southern aggression, extension of Slavery, &c. But when one of the chief instruments in carrying on a war for the possession of the "promised land" to the slaveholder is named as a candidate for President, these same papers, whose base and cowardly motto is "our country right or wrong," stop their anti-slavery *talk*, and embrace the slaveholding robber as their chosen candidate. At this course, Abolitionists are not surprised. They have long since given up the idea of a political party's doing more than their interest drive them to. Hence they are not surprised at sudden somersets in the tone of political journals.

A word in regard to the Advertiser's fling at Gov. SEWARD. Some have supposed, and his political opponents are anxious so to interpret, that the article was written out of hostility to him. The writer had no such intention. For his noble and disinterested defence of Freeman, under circumstances so calculated to produce prejudice against himself, Gov. SEWARD deserves, and undoubtedly receives, the thanks of every friend of humanity. The paltry and short-lived glory of the leaders in such butcheries as Gen. Taylor is engaged in, sink into utter insignificance beside the mighty struggle of SEWARD to save that poor idiot negro from the wrath of an infuriated populace, and the vengeance of a savage law.

C. E. W.

AUBURN, May 13th, 1847.

### Letter from New Bedford.

DEAR GAY:—In my last communication I defended one of the "fanatical" statements which has brought the most odium upon us, that the United States Constitution is "a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell," and that every voter under it is verily guilty of sin before God and man. This language, however harsh and ungracious it may sound, I endeavoured to show was the only language adequate to the circumstances, and commensurate with the offence. I shall now undertake to do the same by the other proposition, namely: that the American Church is "a Brotherhood of Thieves," and that the religion, falsely called Christianity in this country, is worse than Mahometanism or Paganism.

One of the objections most frequently brought against us is, that we are "sweeping" and indiscriminating in our charges. The defenders of the Church say, See what a good man the Rev. Mr. A. is! does not the Rev. Mr. B. preach constantly against Slavery "in the abstract?" is not the Rev. Mr. C. one of yourselves? read the strong resolutions of this church, and the scorching protest that sect has fulminated. The Rev. Dr. Dewey cannot find, to be sure, either teetotalism, or abolitionism in the Bible; but then has he not preached against the sinfulness of the nation *in general*, all winter at Washington? You do not discriminate. You condemn the innocent with the guilty.

The answer seems too obvious to dwell upon. In the first place, have these objectors never heard of the axiom that the exceptions only prove the rule? Do they not see that they are strengthening our hands by their own argument? We do not speak of individuals—we speak now of the Church collectively. Their argument, to be good for anything, must prove *that* guiltless, but in fact it goes itself to prove just the contrary, by insisting upon exceptions.

In making these "sweeping" statements at which so much offence is taken, we do but apply language in accordance with common usage. When one affirms the Democratic party or the Whig party to be corrupt and unprincipled, does any one understand him to mean that there is not a single honest man in either? Certainly not. The exceptions are implied, and no one requires a distinct statement of them. When the prophet declares his people to be "a sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers" does any one understand

him to mean that there is not in it one righteous man to be found? When we say that the Unitarians, as a body, are not actively opposed to Slavery as they ought to be, do we mean that Stetson and Furness, Parker and Channing, and May, and the other *exceptions to the rule*, are not?

And we do not have to tell *them* so. The objection always come from those who are pricked in conscience, who do not do their duty, and know it,—from men who preach against Slavery "in the abstract," and sin "in general"—men whom slaveholders are very glad to have at Washington, and would be rejoiced to have all over the South. We should rejoice at hearing such objections. They prove that some one feels our rebuke. He may be honest, and if he is, he will not stop with such arguments.

While I am upon objections, let me notice another. It is often said, "You are very unjust to denounce as you do, men who are just as much opposed to Slavery as you are, because they do not happen to agree with your particular measures." We will tell them why we denounce them; because we can never find these "just-as-much-abolitionists-as-anybody" *doing* anything save raising objections to our doings. If they are in earnest, why do they not show it by their deeds? If they would go to work in earnest, seek in earnest to understand what work the circumstances require, we should have them with us in six month's time, for they would see that our way is the *only* way to accomplish anything. But the truth is, this objection, too, comes from insincere men, who do not care to *accomplish* anything—men who would have the name of Anti-Slavery without the reality; who know that *that* would require sacrifices which they are not willing to make.

We have never denounced *honest* action because it differed from our own. We never denounced Cassius Clay while he was faithful, or the Independents of New Hampshire, or the "Conscience Whigs" of Massachusetts. We bid them God-speed in their efforts, though we differed from them all, and told them that sooner or later they must come to naught, if they did not take our ground. We *denounced* the Liberty party, not because we thought its doctrines inconsistent and absurd, but because we knew its leaders were rogues and dishonest men. We do denounce, too, men whose Anti-Slavery consists in finding fault with Abolitionists. We tell them to go and *do* something and prove their faith by their works.

To return to my argument. Let us settle first what the Church is, and what is its authority—for we are often met on the threshold by the objection that we have no jurisdiction in the case, and that if we presume to question the doings of the infallible Church, or its saved and elected members, the gates of Heaven shall be barred against us as heretics and blasphemers. I had the fortune to be present at the account given here by the Rev. Mr. Kirk, of the Evangelical Alliance, after his return from the meeting of that celebrated body. If there was any point on which the reverend gentleman was particularly solemn, it was in his warning to us to be very careful how we called its doings in question, "*for the Holy Ghost was with it*," and especially with the American delegates, when they gave up their dinners to "wrestle in prayer." Now, I am one of those contumacious heretics, who do not believe that the holy spirit dwells with a parcel of hypocrites, whose chief object in crossing the Atlantic was to get slaveholding recognized as Christianity, and I shall be very glad to have the gates barred against me of the place to which they will go.

I am not afraid, therefore, to investigate this question of the authority of the Church, and ascertain on what foundation it rests. I get various answers. The Catholic tells me, or did once say, when he was consistent, that its foundation is a certain old man in a city in Italy, who has plenary inspiration direct from God to settle all disputed points, and determine the faith of the world. This doctrine is at least consistent with itself, if one can only bring himself to believe it, and very convenient. The Episcopalian, and member of *the* Church, par excellence, derives his authority from certain individuals in black and white gowns, called Bishops, who *hand* it down from one generation to another by means of certain manipulations. This, too, however convenient it may be, is getting, one might suppose, to be rather a hard doctrine to *believe* in the middle of the nineteenth century. The "Orthodox" believer points to Calvin as his authority, but unfortunately omits to prove Calvin's infallible power to settle the faith of the world: and lastly, we have the Unitarian, the "liberal" Christian, whose practical definition of liberality is, toleration for all who are behind, but a casting-out-of-the-synagogue for all who dare to go forward. All these, except the last, unite in the cry, "We alone are the converted—we are the elected and the saved." Shall we not condemn you, O ye unregenerate dwellers in sin? Unfortunately we have to take their word for this regeneration, and now-a-days it has got so far that we must take the word for the deed.

I shall take the liberty at the outset of denying *all* this pretended authority. I shall affirm that there is no Pope, no Bishop, no Synod, no Calvin, no Church, no Priest, who has it in charge to prescribe to me my faith. I can by no means yield to these pretensions. I shall consider the American Church as made up of certain collections and bodies of men and women, some of whom it pleases to acknowledge the authority of a certain old man in Italy, others that of certain men in surplices, and still others that of other men in white neck-cloths—all of them, with a few unimportant exceptions, making certain pretensions to infallibility, and to being the *only* true Christians, which are not for a moment to be allowed. Viewing them in this light, I shall take the liberty of judging them as I would any other bodies of men and women, by their *works*. If by these they show that they love God and their fellow-men, I will recognize them as Christians: if by their works they show that they have no true love of God or love of man, but only the desire to appear to have it; if, instead of the works of a Christian life, they put long prayers and solemn faces; if the world is none the better, but only worse for their religion, then shall I not denounce them as Pharisees and hypocrites?

Now, what shall be the test in this matter. Let us put aside, if we can, the hereditary prejudices which influence us on the question of Slavery. Let us imagine a case in which we have no personal interest. Suppose that in the great island of New-Liberty the Western inhabitants had entered into a compact to allow the Eastern portion to travel over the whole extent of the island every third year, cutting the throats of all the men, women, and children, who had been so unfortunate as to be created with blue eyes. The God Hor was worshipped in that island. He was a God of war, a God who hated, and was angry with his enemies, and revenged himself upon them; a God who had created all the inhabitants of New-Liberty, so they believed, totally depraved and condemned them to everlasting damnation, save some few whom he arbitrarily elected into his Heaven. With singular inconsistency, however, these people proposed to believe another set of doctrines in regard to their God; doctrines not mysteriously different, but absurdly inconsistent with the others, that their God was a God of love, more ready to forgive sinners than they were to ask forgiveness; who had said thou shalt not kill; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, and many other such sayings. For the priests of this God were nominally appointed to teach the people righteousness according to the system of love and forgiveness which were nominally preferred to the other. They were put up in high places to rebuke the sins of the people and keep them from violating the laws of their religion. Now this murder-compact was, as may well be supposed, the most crying sin of the land. One would imagine, therefore, that against this the chief efforts of the preachers of righteousness would be directed. Strange to say, however, this was the one thing they omitted to speak of. Stranger still, they discovered that it was not a sin but a patriarchal, domestic institution. It may be mentioned in passing, that none of the priesthood had blue eyes. They also made a distinction between murder "in the abstract," and murder in the concrete, that is, murder with actual Birmingham knives. They preached against the former, though without exactly defining it.—I will quote the words of some of the most distinguished of their priests on this subject. "Murder," says one,* "existed in the primitive churches, and was allowed by Christ and his Apostles. Murder is an *organic sin*,(?) made by law, and therefore not dealt with as other sins." "The Board ought to make a distinction," says another,† "between murder and murder-*ing*, a distinction which I consider sufficiently *obvious*." Another‡ says: "The Apostles admitted murderers to the Church, and for this Board to decide against it, would be to impeach the Apostles." Another§ says: "It is the duty of the Board to prosecute the work of *saving souls*, without attempting to interfere with the civil condition of society, *any faster than the consciences of the people become enlightened*—the two things apparently not having any connection with each other." Another‖ says: "Murder may still exist *salvâ fide et salvâ ecclesiâ*," without violating faith or Church, it not being a *malum in se*, an evil in its own nature. And another¶ says, "There were undoubtedly murderers and murdered in the primitive Church. I do not consider myself wiser and better than the Apostles."

In substituting the word "murder" for slavery in these extracts, I have mitigated the crime. I do not consider that if the slaveholders, (and by slaveholders I mean more than any others, such no-divines as I have just quoted,) were to-morrow to cut the throats of all their slaves, they would be so guilty as they now are in holding them in bondage. Let no one call this fanaticism and extravagance, till he has taken the pains fully to realize what Slavery is. Which is the worst, to kill a man outright, and send him to a better world, or to rob him for long years of every earthly right, and make him a brute beast? Which involves the greatest amount of moral turpitude, the greatest violation of conscience, a swift and sudden crime, committed in a moment, or the slaveholders' accumulated life of crime? But my case is stronger than this. Slaveholding involves, as a necessary element of its being, the murder which I have only imagined.—Look at the state of the South. If any place on earth can give an idea of the future hell of torment which some sects believe in, it is the slaveholding States.—Talk of good masters and kind treatment as you please, the fact cannot be winked out of sight, that they are, and in the nature of things must be, the exceptions, that the South is the chosen dwelling-place of all cruelty, licentiousness and crime. One need but study newspapers to be convinced, and yet in them the fearful secrets of the *plantation* are rarely told. They disclose to us only the surface of this pit of iniquity. Mr. Garrison has in his possession a roll of columns, collected from newspapers, which, when I saw it two or three years ago, was many yards long, composed wholly of short accounts of outrages and crimes committed at the South. This had all been collected in a short space of time, yet I challenge the world to furnish such another hideous roll of guilt. If this comes to the surface, what must lie beneath?

Now, what shall we say of ministers who use such language upon such a subject. Shall we say they are right—that it is not their duty to be preaching upon these "exciting topics," bringing disorder among their flock and destroying the harmony of their parishes? They have their people's peculiar wants to attend to, the great subjects of religion and morality in general to preach.—Men say this who would never dream of saying—It is not the physician's duty to probe that ugly wound, or stop the progress of this fatal cancer, because it would bring pain and distress upon the patient—and besides is not this small eruption on the left hand to be attended to, and is not the patient by all means to be kept good-natured and comfortable, even if he dies. Men say it who would not praise a lawyer who said no word of the main point in his cause, but dwelt on petty details till his cause was lost. Men say it, who do not send their ships abroad laden with chaff, and wait at home expecting the wealth of the Indies in return. Yet they allow their priests to babble in their ears of the difference between baptism with a pint and baptism with a hogshead; or whether the Infinite and incomprehensible God, who will soon say to them, Depart from me, unfaithful servants, I never knew you—whether he be one in three or three in one, they go to meeting, and sleep through moral discourses on the virtuousness of virtue in general and the great sinfulness of the old Pharisees, in particular, and are greatly offended if one so much as hints that this is not what religion ought to be.

But it is said that you fanatics of one idea look at Slavery until you can see nothing else. The question is, Is not this the right way of looking at it? What is our country but a great slave-pen. Masters and slaves at the South, and an army of hireling body-guards at the North. We Northeners are the *Swiss* of Slavery.—What is the Government but an oligarchy of slaveholders? What is the Constitution but a certain dead letter of Liberty, appended to a living compromise with Slavery? What is our religion—that Slavery is a patriarchal and apostolic institution, and slaveholders may be regenerate Christians. What is our morality? Repudiation at the South, and Cotton-Whiggism at the North. We are a scorn to the world, and a hissing among nations. The despots of Europe put in their streets pictures of a slave, beaten, and in chains, and write under it, see the Liberty of Republican America. There is not a tyrant in the world but gathers fresh courage from our example, and soothes his conscience with the reflection, I at least am not so bad as they. *Is* not Slavery the great question? Alas! I fear the time will soon come when it will be proved so, to the conviction of all men.

I lately heard the fugitive, Henry Bibb, a man whose story has been ascertained to be correct, who has been sold three times by a Baptist, a Methodist, and a Presbyterian professor of religion. He described, among other things, the cruel whipping of his own wife before his eyes, and he described it, not as an extraordinary circumstance, but as an every-day occurrence. Lest all your readers should not be familiar with this patriarchal mode of "correcting" *servants*, let me describe it. The wretched victim is tied by the hands; the rope is thrown over a beam in the barn, and she is drawn up till her toes just touch the floor; her feet are tied together and a heavy bar put between them, and thus, with the skin stretched almost to breaking, she is whipped till the blood drips to the ground, and this for not hoeing a cabbage-patch clean. This is the patriarchal institution with which our churches are in full harmony. This is the system for which these unfaithful shepherds can find no word of effectual rebuke. This is the system which Dr. Stuart says can exist *salvâ ecclesiâ*, which Dr. Beecher says is not to be treated like other sins; which Clapp, the Unitarian minister of New Orleans, has said in a printed sermon, is a divine institution, of which *God* is the great head. ("God is the great slaveholder.") I say again, shall we not denounce a Church like this.

I acknowledge that many of the clergy are good-natured men, kind to their families, and faithfully drinking tea with their parishes, that many are learned men who can luminously expound the doctrine of infant damnation, that many an elegant scholar who can write gracefully upon morality in general—but I say that they and their followers make up a Church which is not worthy of respect, a Church which is unfaithful to its highest duties, and is the greatest obstacle existing to the progress of true religion, and to the salvation of the country.

They talk of their duties to their people. How can they perform those duties till their hands are clean of sin? With what weight will the great principle of morality and religion come from men who are so unfaithful in their application?

Would you have every sermon turned into an abolition Lecture? No, but I would have every clergyman in the land *compromised*, as only here and there one is now, by faithful and efficient action. I would have the influence of the Church exerted as powerfully against the sin as it now is for it. The Church has it in its power to abolish Slavery. While it does not do it, but on the contrary is the most efficient support of the most wretched system of robbery the world ever saw, why shall we not call it "a Brotherhood of Thieves"? A.

*Rev. Dr. Beecher, (see church as it is, p. 3.) †Rev. Dr. Bacon, ut. sup. ‡Rev. Pres't. Tayler. §Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover. ‖Rev. Moses Stuart, of Andover, (Brotherhood of Thieves, p. 46.) ¶Rev. Dr. Sharp, (id. p. 52.)

# The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1847.

### New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention met at the Marlboro' Chapel, on Tuesday, May 25th, at 10 o'clock, agreeably to public notice. The meeting was called to order by Francis Jackson, of Boston.

On motion of Edmund Quincy, of Dedham, voted that a committee of five be appointed to nominate a list of officers for the Convention, viz: Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Seth Sprague, Loring Moody, and Sydney H. Gay.

The Chairman of the Nominating Committee, reported the subjoined list, and the persons therein named were duly elected:

*President,*

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Lynn.

*Vice Presidents*—Seth Sprague, Duxbury; Francis Jackson, Boston; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; James Mott, Philadelphia; Joseph C. Hathaway, Farmington, New-York; Nathan Winslow, Portland; Charles F. Hovey, Boston.

*Recording Secretaries*—Samuel May, jr. and Eliza J. Kenny, Salem.

*On Finance and the Roll*—James N. Buffum, Lynn; Joshua T. Everett, Princeton; Loring Moody, Boston; Addison Davis, Lynn; John M. Spear, Boston.

*Business Committee*—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Sydney H. Gay, Wendell Philips, Maria W. Chapman, Eliza Lee Follen, Lucretia Mott, Parker Pillsbury, Charles L. Remond, Anne W. Weston.

Opportunity being given, prayer was offered by Rev. Henry Grew, of Philadelphia.

Voted, That Wm. L. Garrison be a committee to wait upon Frederick Douglass, and inform him of his appointment.

Wm. L. Garrison offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, it is a self-evident truth, that where there is a sin, there must be a sinner; and that when the sinner ceases to exist, the sin of which he was guilty ceases to be:

And whereas, American Slavery is not merely a "sinful system" or Institution, but a series of sinful acts, perpetrated by individuals, each of whom is separately responsible,

And whereas, when Slavery becomes law, and assumes the form and stability of a social institution, the individual is not in consequence released from his responsibility to obey the law of God, and to cease from doing evil; but is, on the contrary, laid under an obligation to bear testimony against the unrighteous enactment:—therefore,

Resolved, That we repudiate the doctrine, that Slavery as a system, or institution, or thing existing in the form of law, is sin, while the slaveholder, for whose benefit the law or institution has been framed, and who is directly the perpetrator of the wrong, is innocent, and is entitled to be received into society, and even into the Church, as a respectable and Christian man. In our judgment, this doctrine involves the monstrous principle, that sin ceases to be sin when sanctioned by human law, and interwoven with the texture of society—a doctrine which would under similar circumstances, justify polygamy, piracy, idolatry, or any other sin that should obtain the sanction of a legal enactment, or be elevated to the dignity of a social institution.

Resolved, That we heartily agree with John Wesley, that "men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers"—that "no man living has a right to use another as a slave, even setting revelation aside"—that "neither war nor contract can give any man such a property in another, as he has in his sheep and oxen"—and that "liberty is the right of every human creature, as soon as he breathes the vital air; and no human law can deprive him of that right; which he derives from the law of nature."

Discussed by J. C. Hathaway and W. W. Brown, of Farmington, New-York; L. Moody, W. L. Garrison, Henry Grew, and Elder Cheney, of Rhode Island.

On motion of John M. Spear, of Boston,

Voted, That all persons present, or who may be present, be invited to participate in the discussions of this Convention.

Wendell Phillips, in behalf of the Buisness Committee, reported the following resolutions, viz:

1. Resolved, That we hail, as a good omen, the unanimous refusal of the clergy to link their names with the Evangelical Alliance,—a movement, the cowardice, imbecility, and time-serving of which made it the scorn and laughing-stock of the world; since we see in their conduct, the evidence that the Anti-Slavery cause has gained so sure a hold on the hearts of the people, that this, the most prudent class of the community dare not risk its displeasure.

2. Resolved, That the speech of Daniel Webster at Charleston, South Carolina, in the very streets where the venerable agent of the Commonwealth was so lately and so insultingly, driven—if it be looked upon as anything else than the loose talk of a fawning office seeker,—is grossly false, so far as it undertakes to represent the sentiments of Massachusetts, and is such as no worthy son of the State would have uttered, with the history of the last ten years fresh as it should be, in his memory; that Mr. Webster's craven silence, there and elsewhere, on the great subject which now darkens the national horizon,—dreading to call things by their plain names, and seeking under cover of ambiguous phrases to avoid the censure of either section of the country,—marks him as unworthy the name of a Statesman, and shows him a man willing to sacrifice his own self-respect, the welfare of the country, the claims of humanity, and the true honour of the nation, to personal ambition and party success: and that his course, giving as it does the weight of his name to false ideas and false hopes, misleading the Southern mind, and buoying it with rash confidence on its base and cruel policy, stamps him not only a traitor to the principles of the free States, but the real enemy of that Union which he professes to adore—as the one whose timid selfishness and false counsel contribute to its overthrow,—and this influence would be more extensive, but that his long and well-known servility, while it has lost him the confidence of the North, has been met at the South with the contempt it deserved; and that his awkward hypocrisy on the eve of a Presidential election, deceives no one but himself. Adjourned to meet at half-past two o'clock.

*Afternoon Session.*—Met pursuant to adjournment, Francis Jackson in the chair, the President being absent.

The resolutions offered by Mr. Garrison were unanimously adopted.

The resolution No. 1, from the Business Committee was taken up, and discussed by Henry Grew and Wendell Phillips.

A fugitive slave was introduced by Mr. Lovejoy, who addressed the assembly as did also Lewis Hayden.

The following resolution was presented from the Business Committee:—

Whereas, nothing in history is more certain than that the present war against Mexico is a war of aggression, invasion, and conquest, waged expressly for the gigantic and infernal purpose of giving security, extension, and perpetuity to the Southern slave system; therefore,

3. Resolved, That to rejoice over the victories won by the American forces in Mexico is to take delight in murder, rapine, robbery, and the most dreadful tyranny; and to applaud as heroes, those who are leading those forces to commit all these horrid crimes is to hold out a bribe for men to become the monsters of their race, that they may be covered with laurels, and elevated to the highest station in the land.

Resolved, That treason to the country is seen in its blackest form, when she is countenanced in the prosecution of a war like the present, and that they are the most shameless traitors to the country—from the present occupant of the Presidential chair down to the lowest office-holder, whose profligate motto is "Our country, right or wrong." Discussion continued by Wm. A. White and Wm. L. Garrison. Adjourned to meet at half-past seven o'clock.

*Evening Session.*—Met agreeably to adjournment. Edmund Quincy, one of the Vice Presidents, in the chair.

The following resolutions from the Business Committee were submitted, viz:

4. Resolved, That there is no one form of iniquity, existing in the world, that so impiously defies Omnipotence, or so outrages all the rights of humanity, or so daringly challenges the homage of the nation, or that so imperatively demands or rightfully warrants the interference of all people, in all climes, for its immediate extinction, as that of American Slavery;—therefore.

5. Resolved, That we hail the co-operation of the friends of freedom throughout the world, in carrying forward the anti-slavery movement; and especially rejoice in the formation of the ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE on the other side of the Atlantic, the design of which is to enrol under its banner, in one irresistible phalanx, every opponent of Slavery, wherever he may reside, without regard to geographical boundaries, and for the purpose of concentrating universal scorn and execration upon that bloody and polluted system.

Discussed by Charles L. Remond, James N. Buffum, Wm. L. Garrison, S. S. Foster, and Rev. Mr. Willis, of Walpole, N. H.

Adjourned to meet at half-past 9 o'clock, A. M.

*Wednesday Morning.*—Convention met agreeably to adjournment: Edmund Quincy in the chair.

The resolutions under debate at the time of adjournment, were further discussed by William W. Brown and Henry Grew.

Wendell Philips moved that the hour of 11 o'clock be assigned for the consideration of the financial condition of the cause. Adopted.

The hour having arrived, the subject of funds was discussed by Wendell Phillips, James N. Buffum, and S. S. Foster. The following resolutions were presented from the Business Committee:

Resolved, That the funds raised at this Convention be delivered to the Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to be expended in sustaining anti-slavery agencies in Ohio and New-York, and in support of a more extended circulation of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

6. Resolved, That the financial committee now pass through the convention and receive money, and pledges for this purpose. Adopted.

Discussion continued upon finance by J. C. Hathaway. Resolution No. 5 adopted.

Henry Grew offered the following resolution:

Whereas, the purchase and use of the unrequited products of the coerced and cruel toil of our brethren in bonds, constitutes a commercial union with slaveholders, which is the pecuniary basis and a vital principle of the whole system of Slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That the purchase and use of those products which we know and declare to be the fruits of robbery and oppression is a practical subversion of our own principle,—"No Union with Slaveholders."

Discussed by H. Grew, Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Snodgrass, of Baltimore.

Adjourned to meet at half past two o'clock.

*Afternoon Session.*—Met pursuant to adjournment, Francis Jackson in the chair. The resolution upon free labour was taken up for consideration, and discussed by S. S. Foster, Nathaniel Southard, H. Grew, W. Phillips, Lucretia Mott, and Thankful Southwick. On motion of S. S. Foster, the resolution upon free labour was laid upon the table.

Wendell Phillips submitted the following resolution, viz:

7. Resolved, That the Union of these States, judged by the experience of fifty years, has worked mightily to corrupt the public sentiment, to change the former hatred of Slavery into a cold indifference or concealed love of the system: has done more than anything else to change the churches of the land into synogogues of Satan; has increased the burden and riveted the chain of the slave; and is now, in defiance of the sentiment of Christendom, unblushingly seeking to extend and perpetuate the atrocious system; and therefore it is the duty of every hater of Slavery to seek the dissolution of so blood-stained a Union.

The subjoined resolution was introduced by Parker Pillsbury:

8. Resolved, That this Convention congratulates the country, particularly the Northern portion of it, on the declining state of American religion, the absence of its revivals, and the decline of the supremacy of its clergy over the people, and the reviving of a pure religion, through the Anti-Slavery and other reformatory movements of the age.

Discussed by Parker Pillsbury, Seth Sprague, and Henry Grew, when on motion of Edmund Quincy, the Convention adjourned to half-past seven o'clock.

*Evening Session.*—Convention met pursuant to adjournment, Edmund Quincy in the chair. Discussion resumed by Wm. W. Brown, Rev. Samuel May, Jr. J. B Saunderson, S. S. Foster, Lucretia Mott, and W. Phillips.

Adjourned to meet at half past 9 A. M.

*Thursday Morning.*—The following resolution was introduced by Isaiah Ray, of New Bedford:

Whereas, the Abolitionists have for the fifteen last years been endeavouring to remove the proscription and prejudice against the free coloured population, as well as to remove slavery from our midst:

And whereas, as lamentable as it may seem to the toiling Abolitionist, there are men among us who have fled from the slaveholder, and are now in this city, that refuse to wait upon their coloured fellow-citizens, on the common platform of humanity, and by their action keep up a spirit of caste; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the duty of this Convention to speak against proscription in the barber's shop as well as on the deck of the Cambria.

On motion, laid upon the table.

The resolutions under consideration at the time of adournment were further discussed by Seth Sprague, J. Elizabeth Jones, of Ohio, Henry Watson, of Mississippi, H. Grew, Adin Ballou, J. B. Saunderson, Thomas Williams, Wm. L. Garrison, and Edmund Quincy.

Resolution No. 7 adopted.

Adjourned to meet at half-past 2 o'clock.

*Afternoon Session.*—Met pursuant to adjournment, Francis Sackson in the chair. The resolutions before the Convention were further discussed by Wm. W. Brown G. W. F. Mellea, Theodore Parker, Caleb Stetson, and Lucretia Mott.

Adjourned to meet at half-past seven o'clock.

*Evening Session.*—Convention met agreeably to adjournment, Edmund Quincy in the chair. The series of resolutions, Nos. 1, 2, 4, were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Phillips presented the following resolution, at the request of William West:

Resolved, That chattel Slavery, like wages Slavery, is part of the organic law of the land; that it never can be peaceably abolished until that law has been changed by the legislative action of the legally qualified voters of the States in which Slavery exists; and that to secure this action, it is the duty of Abolitionists, first of all, to unite the cause of the chattel slave with that of the wages slave, and to seek the liberation of both by the same means—namely, *the redemption of the soil from the grasp of the monopolists.*

Negatived by a nearly unanimous vote.

The annexed resolution from the Business Committee was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention marks with joy the progress of the cause as indicated by the increasing success of the BAZAAR for thirteen successive years, and earnestly urges the necessity of auxiliary efforts, that every section of the country may be represented at the fourteenth Bazaar, to open on Christmas week next.

Mr. Garrison, Chairman of the Business Committee, presented the subjoined resolution which was unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Since the last anniversary of this Convention, that great and illustrious pioneer in the cause of emancipation, THOMAS CLARKSON, has been removed to a higher and nobler sphere of existence, from the labours and sacrifices of more than threescore years; therefore,

Resolved, That while we cannot mourn that the venerable Clarkson has fallen like a "shock of corn fully ripe," we desire to express the deep sense we entertain, in common with the friends of freedom throughout the world, of his eminent services, and to feel how large a vacancy remains to be filled in the Anti-Slavery ranks, by the departure of so untiring and intrepid a leader in the moral war against the powers of darkness.

The following resolution was introduced by Loring Moody:

Whereas, George N. Briggs, Governor of this Commonwealth, was the first man in the State to volunteer his services to carry on the war against Mexico;

And whereas, He, the said George N. Briggs, has recently signed the resolves of the Legislature, declaring, "That the present war with Mexico has its primary origin in the *unconditional* annexation to the United States of the foreign State of Texas; that it was unconstitutionally commenced—that it is now waged for the dismemberment of Mexico, with the object of extending Slavery—that it is 'hateful in its objects—wanton, unjust, and unconstitutional in its origin and character'—and 'must be regarded as a war against freedom, against humanity, against justice, against the Union, against the Constitution, and against the free States;'"

Therefore Resolved, That he has not only admitted, but fully and officially endorsed the truth of the charges made against him at the last New England Convention, declaring that in sending forth his proclamation for the people of Massachusetts to volunteer to carry on the war against Mexico, "he was perjured on his own principles" and "a traitor by his own showing."

The following resolutions from the Business Committee were offered by Wm. L. Garrison, viz:

Resolved, That the exclusion of FREDERICK DOUGLASS from the cabin of the British steamship Cambria on account of his complexion, demonstrates the wide-spread influence of the spirit of American Slavery,—a spirit, which, exalting itself above all that is called God, aspires to bring under its impious control, all laws, institutions, and customs.

Resolved, That the universal expression of astonishment, disgust, and indignation, which this proscriptive act has called out from the press of England, and from all classes of society in that country, not only exonerates the British people from all participation in it, but reflects the highest credit on their promptness to disavow a procedure, which, while in this land of boasted liberty and equality, it would be justified and applauded by an overwhelming majority of even the professed followers of Christ, they justly regard with abhorrence.

Resolved, That in the assurance given to the public by Mr. Cunard, that "no one can regret, more than he does, the unpleasant circumstances respecting Mr. Douglass's passage," and that "nothing of the kind will again take place in the steamships with which he is connected," we have a withering rebuke given to that vulgar prejudice against a coloured complexion which prevails so extensively in the United States, to the disgrace of our national character, and the dishonour of our Christian profession.

Resolved, That the thanks of the friends of social, civil, political, and religious liberty, are eminently due Capt. JUDKINS, the accomplished commander of the steam-packet Cambria, for his manly, independent, and courteous treatment of our esteemed friend and eloquent advocate of emancipation and the rights of man, F. DOUGLASS, on his recent return passage from England.

The above resolutions, together with those upon the Mexican war and the Church, were discussed by the Rev. Mr. Russell, of Hingham, C. L. Remond, Wm. H. Channing, P. Pillsbury, and W. Phillips, and unanimously adopted.

Adjourned *sine die*.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, *President.*

SAMUEL MAY, JR. }
ELIZA J. KENNEY, } *Secretaries.*

### The Repealers and the Slave Question.

Instances are never wanting of men who are struggling for their own liberty and are willing to gain it at the expense of the liberty of others. The compromises of the American Constitution is a precedent which is closely followed here, and readily imitated abroad when the question of Slavery presents itself. To be a consistent Abolitionist anywhere is no easy thing, but so long as there are men who are so wherever they are needed we cannot despair of the cause. Among these we count many a true and faithful man in Great Britian and Ireland, and chief among them is Mr. James Haughton, of Dublin. The following scene at a late meeting of "Young Ireland" will interest our readers. Mr. Haughton was chosen chairman of the meeting, and in his speech on taking his seat, said:

In conclusion, permit me, fellow-citizens, to urge you all to cultivate in your hearts an ardent love of liberty as will cause you to shrink from any contamination with slaveholders, who may affect to sympathize with you in your efforts to secure your own freedom.—I have more fears of the ill effects of slaveholding sympathy from America, and of the manner in which that sympathy is received here, than from any other fear besides. I am afraid we shall allow our hatred of man-stealing to be buried under the blood-stained dollars of slaveholders. (Cries of no, no.) Even the Society of Friends in Dublin have descended from the lofty position which they occupied until now before the world as the uncompromising enemies of Slavery, and have stabbed the cause of humanity to the heart by accepting money from, and becoming almoners to the woman-whippers and cradle plunderers of Baltimore, and Charleston, and they have refused money forwarded them by a committee of ladies in London because it was the produce of a benefit at a theatre. These moneys were sent to the relief fund for our poor people, and the Friends have declared to the world that that which was raised in a theatre is an abomination, while the blood-stained dollars of the slave-driver are an acceptable offering at the shrine of benevolence.

A Voice—In an assembly of Irishmen that is not the way America should be spoken of. (Cheers.)

Mr. Haughton—Allow me to say——(confusion.)

A Voice—Three cheers for America. (Tremendous cheers.)

Mr. Haughton—I am now about speaking of the conduct of Liverpool merchants in connection with——

A gentleman here stood up in the gallery and said—I think this is out of place. (Cries of order, and question.) I am an American citizen, sir, and feel interested in the question. (Cheers.) I think it is quite out of place. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Haughton—I thought, in what I was endeavouring to do, I was taking the best means of advancing the cause of human freedom. (Confusion.)

A Voice—Repeal! We want no slave lecturing here. (Cries of order, and question.)

After a short conference with Mr. Smith O'Brien,

Mr. Haughton said—As there seems to be a difference of opinion in this meeting to a considerable extent on the subject, I am willing to forego my own feelings—(cheers)—and in taking my seat, allow me to express the strong conviction of my mind that we shall never gain any of our liberties if we be unmindful of the injuries done in the name of liberty abroad. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Hamill then read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were duly endorsed.

After thus being clamoured down, the bussiness of the meeting proceeded. At its close,

Mr. Haughton said the business of the meeting, with the exception of receiving and enrolling new members, had now terminated; and before they separated he had a few painful words to address to his fellow-citizens. He felt that he was not in a right position there that evening; and from what had occurred, a sadness had come over his heart. He had left the Repeal Association because liberty of speech was not permitted there to some of his young friends by whom he was then surrounded; and that night he, their chairman, was the only person to whom liberty of speech was denied. (Cries of no, no.) He pleaded for liberty and humanity, and they would not hear him. Did they believe that the enemies of their cause would neglect to take advantage of this great error which they had committed? He believed in his heart it was a fatal error. He regretted the course which had been taken—he believed they had done wrong; and he could not leave them without expressing that painful conviction.

Mr. Smith O'Brien—Before the meeting separates, I wish to say one word. I am sure there is not one single person who has attended the proceedings of this night, who does not entertain towards Mr. Haughton all the personal respect which his most estimable character deserves. (Hear, hear.) There is, also, I hope, no one person here who would not be most anxious that Mr. Haughton, on all occasions, should have an opportunity of expressing fully and fairly whatever opinions he entertains, however different they may be to the sentiments of others. (Hear.) I think Mr Haughton has mistaken the feelings of the meeting altogether; he (Mr. Haughton) wished to express one opinion, and the meeting wished to express another. (Hear.)

Mr. Haughton—It is the fact of my having excited your displeasure—(loud cries of no, no)—when speaking on behalf of the American slaves that pains me.

Mr. O'Brien probably hit the truth in saying that "Mr. Haughton wished to express one opinion, and the meeting wished to express another." The meeting had no intention of offending the slaveholders, and losing their money by permitting any anti-slavery sentiments to be promulgated in a meeting of "Young Ireland."

THE CHURCH, NORTH.—Our readers will remember some extracts we have made from letters recently written by Prof. McClintock, of Pennsylvania, in the Advocate & Journal, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North. Those articles have been Anti-Slavery, and at the same time anti-abolition; that is, the author was careful to use such language as would clearly show him to be in no way identified with what is called the abolition movement. Dr. Bond, of the Advocate, in compliance with "earnest entreaties" and "vehement remonstrances," now feels "compelled by every consideration of duty to discontinue their publication." Can any one, with such a fact as this before them, fail to see what it is that Slavery demands of us, and what it is the Church and its ministers are ready to grant? Silence, unbroken and interminable, is the only thing that can satisfy tyranny.

"INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS."—The speech of Frederick Douglass, at the Tabernacle, as was reported by Mr. Dyer, has been published in pamphlet form—ornamented with a ridiculous wood-cut of a negro-dandy on its title page—for the Southern market. We do not know who has been at the trouble and expense of this publication, and only conjecture its purpose from the following words which preface the speech:

The following report will show to Marylanders how a runaway slave talks, when he reaches the abolition regions of this country. This presumptive negro was even present at the London World's Temperance Convention, last year; and in spite of all the efforts of the American Delegates to prevent it, he palmed off his abolition bombast upon an audience of 7,000 persons! Of this high-handed measure he now makes his boast in New-York, one of the hot-beds of abolitionism.

The person who writes this, we presume, calls Douglass, a "presumptive negro," from an unwillingness to acknowledge that a negro could make so good a speech. He evidently forgot, however, the other horn of the dilemma—that he would acknowledge a fugitive slave to be a white man. We hope the publisher will be successful in giving this "incendiary document" a wide circulation in Maryland. Whatever his purpose may have been, we rejoice that such an exposition of Anti-Slavery principles from one who was, but a few years since, a slave, should be laid before the slaveholders of the South. It may do them good. At all events, it will teach them something,

☞ We make no apology for the errors and extravagances of the Abolitionists.—*Tribune.*

Will the Tribune have the goodness to point out these "errors and extravagances?" If they have committed any, we, on our part, shall be happy to make all proper apologies. But sensible men should be ashamed of this sort of cant. The Abolitionists have never yet committed an error nor an extravagance that those who, like the Tribune, are following in their foot-steps, have not picked up and committed over again. And so it will be to the end.

☞ We are requested to state that Rev. Wm. Coe has changed his residence from East Medway to Medfield, Mass.

### From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XVIII.

*Carnival of the Bay State in old time.—Vanished glories of Election Day.—The Correspondent bewaileth himself for that the former times were better than these.—Gunpowder, Gambling, and Grog.—The Change, the Reason, and the Reward.—Experience of two Mayors in the matter of Grog.—Popular Terminology.—"Nigger 'Lection," what and why.—Artillery Election, when and what.—Wise jealousy of the Fathers.—The Correspondent seeth not why the Nomenclature should be changed.—The New England A. S. Convention.—Its General interest.—Success of this Year's Convention.—Held in a horrid hole.—Faneuil Hall our only proper place of meeting.—The Correspondent scoldeth the Speakers, and why.—He expoundeth that Five is more than Two.—Speaking, Speakers, new and old.—Fleas and New Org.—Unfortunate absence of Douglass.—Riotous demonstrations.—Broadcloth and Blackguardism.—Prison Discipline Society.—Under the Operation of New Org.—The Correspondent exalteth the Neologism.—Charles Sumner and Secretary Dwight.—Review of Dr. Putnam's Fast-Day Discourse, by Mr. Wm. I. Bowditch.—Value of Dr. P. as a check on a frantic Congregation—The Correspondent doth brief justice to the moral and literary accuracy of the Author of the Discourse, and leaveth him for the present, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, May 29, 1847.

This week of the year was the Puritan Carnival of Massachusetts, until within the twenty years or so last past. From the settlement of the Province, for about two hundred years, it was the commencement of the political and, so to speak, of the religious year of the Commonwealth. All the great men of the State flocked up to Boston to assist at the assembling of the great and General Court, and since the Revolution, at the

of any licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks. Less than twenty years ago, his father, who was then Mayor, was seriously threatened with a mob, because he forbid the sale of liquor *on the Common, on Election Day*. Then the prohibition of the sale of drink for one day, and in one place, almost created a riot,—probably only prevented by the measures known to be taken to put it down—and now liquor cannot be lawfully sold anywhere in a less quantity than twenty-eight gallons. Such is the change in this matter which twenty years has brought forth!

Although the proper style and title of the last Wednesday in May, in those days, was "Election Day;" still it had another appellation bestowed upon it by immemorial usage, by which it was popularly better known, especially among the rising generation, and that was—(humbly begging pardon of all concerned)—"*Nigger 'Lection!*" It derived its name from the circumstance that it had been from time beyond the memory of man a kind of Saturnalia for the coloured people, when they were allowed to have their full swing, without molestation, let, or hindrance, from any one, and to take their share in the recreations above enumerated, and all others appertaining unto Election Day, on equal terms with the whites. On Artillery Election Day, however, (the first Monday in June,) the boys made themselves amends, and vindicated the dignity of the Caucasian family, by pelting the African race from the Common, if they showed themselves upon it." "Artillery Election" is the day of the election of the officers of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, the oldest military company in the country; the incorporation of which, more than two hundred years ago, was resisted by some of our far-seeing ancestors, on the ground of danger to civil liberty, "taking warning," as they said, "by the history of the Prætorian Bands of Rome, and of the Janizaries of Turkey!"

I do n't know why they should not continue to mark the day and the week by its ancient nomenclature, for the most noticeable, and the most talked-of incident of the week, is the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, the object of which is the obtaining a perpetual Saturnalia for that proscribed people. Every hour of the week is filled up with the Anniversaries of various Sectarian and Benevolent Societies; but there is none of them, nor all of them put together, that excites so much interest, or creates so much conversation, as the sessions of the New England Convention. Almost everybody in town takes a peep at it, in the course of its progress, and it is curious to see how many of the ministers are drawn away from their own meetings to ours, though they do not always seem, from some reason or other, to relish what is set before them when they are come.

We never had a better Convention, as far as its numbers and character, and the quality of the speaking were concerned, than this. It was only unfortunate in being in a very bad place for speaking and hearing. It was held on the floor of the old Marlboro' Chapel, which had been dismantled of its Gallery and platform, for the use of the Chinese Museum, and not yet repaired. It contained about two thousand five hundred people, but the echoes of the bare walls made it a hard place to speak in and to hear in. Why we did not have Faneuil Hall, I do n't know. It is the only proper place for our meetings, on account of its cheapness, its associations, and its capacity.

The only thing that sounds like *twaddle* at our Boston meetings, is a trick many of our speakers have contracted of complaining of the size of the room in which a metropolitan meeting, to be worth holding, must be held, and that they are obliged "to aggravate their voices," like bully Bottom, in consequence. The object of a public meeting, I apprehend, is to address as many minds as can be brought together in the city where it is held, and not the personal delectation of the Abolitionists that are to address it. There is not a political party, or a religious sect, but would give their ears for such an audience as we get together in Faneuil Hall, for three days and nights. Of course, Five Thousand souls are not to be reached without a greater exertion of voice than the two or three hundred which make up the average of country audiences; but surely the difference of result is worth the difference of effort. And when stump-orators and field-preachers, and actors, and singers on the great European Theatres, are willing, day after day, to make themselves heard by more people than our speakers ever dreamt of, under any roof they ever saw, it is hardly worth their while to complain of any sufferings they have to encounter in Boston. It is a sort of thing more becoming "a waiting gentlewoman"—Mrs. Honour, or Mrs. Winifred Jenkins—than our scarred and battle-stained veterans. Pray, let us have no more of it.

The speaking was even unusually spirited and telling. All our old friends did themselves great justice, and more than justice. Besides the voices we are accustomed to hear in our meetings, we were cheered, for the first time, by those of Mrs. Mott, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Jones, of Ohio, and Mr. W. W. Brown, a self-emancipated slave, lately from New-York. We suffered rather less from what Mr. Ralph W. Emerson calls "*the fleas* of Conventions," than usual, and those we had, were mostly of a new variety. New Organization prowled about the purlieus of the meeting, longing to use the great audience we had attracted together for its own purposes. Its only incarnate manifestation, however, was in the person of a vociferous individual, of the name of Lovejoy, as I was told, who took occasion to display his gifts and graces, by introducing to the meeting a poor unfortunate fugitive, who, for our sins or his own, was also a Methodist exhorter, and favoured us with an abundant taste of his quality in that capacity.

The chief drawback on the satisfactions of the Convention was the absence of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, whom multitudes were anxiously expecting to hear on this occasion, for the first time since his return home. He was elected President of the Convention, but was unable to take his seat, or indeed to leave his house, during the meeting, on account of severe illness; I am happy to hear, however, that he is fast recovering. His presence was all that was necessary to have made the occasion entirely satisfactory to all in attendance.

We were not without the witness which riotous demonstrations afford of the popular ideas of the rights of Abolitionists. On the second evening Mrs. Mott was hooted down,—that is, her voice was drowned by indecent clamours,—and on the last evening there was at times a great deal of disturbance. We rode out the storm, however, gallantly. The substance of the hardest things that could be said on Church and State, by Remond and Pillsbury, was heard. Mr. Phillips closed the last evening, as he did the first, with a speech which was heard from beginning to end, and gave a golden conclusion to the whole matter. I am told by eye-witnesses that the riotous persons were not boys, or persons of the labouring classes; but chiefly well-dressed men, in as good broadcloth as that worn by the "gentlemen of property and standing," when they mobbed Garrison. As some of them were recognized, I trust that their names will be made public for example's sake. The resolutions were passed, the business done up, three ringing cheers for Liberty given "with a will," and the Thirteenth New England Convention ended in a blaze of glory.

The meeting of the Prison Discipline Society excited a very considerable interest this year, on account of the process of "*New Organization*," (a most valuable addition to the English vocabulary,—indeed, the only Americanism that should be tolerated,) which it is undergoing. At an adjourned meeting held last night, Charles Sumner, Esq. in the most decorous and parliamentary manner possible, flayed alive the unhappy Secretary of the Society, (Rev. Louis Dwight,) for his conduct in relation to the dispute about Congregate and Solitary systems, which is the ostensible manifestation of the evil spirit, as the "Woman Question" was with us. Though done decently and in order, it was most effectually done. Marsyas himself, was an armed rhinoceros to the Secretary, after the operation. How it ended, I do not know, as the discussion was a protracted one.

I suppose you have received the Review which has lately been published here of the Rev. Dr. Putnam's Fast-Day Discourse, entitled, "God and our Country," in which he puts forth his energies to dissuade his frantic congregation from rushing headlong into the crusade for the Dissolution of the Union of these States. The author of the Review, as I suppose you know, is WILLIAM INGERSOLL BOWDITCH, Esq. the youngest son of the great Bowditch, a consistent and thorough-going Abolitionist, who resigned his commission of the peace, two or three years ago, because he would not be bound by the oath to support the Constitution, with its pro-slavery requirements. His Review disposes of the main points of the Sermon in a very clear and unanswerable manner, and is extremely well written. The Discourse, itself, is a very curious specimen of the kind of Gospel which is in demand in these markets. I fancy it would make the reverend Author's predecessor, the Apostle Eliot, open his eyes very wide, if he should chance to come across it.

Dr. Putnam must be a pastor worth any money to a people inclined to the fanatical excesses which this Discourse is intended to rebuke and restrain. "Truths divine come mended from his tongue," as much as the facts of literary history did two or three years ago, when he informed the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, that a certificate of good moral character was as essential to the permanent reputation of a man of genius, as to a freshman entering college. In both cases the rhetoric is excellent, and the logical deductions fair, and the only misfortune about either is, that the facts and statements which make the basis of the scheme are *not true!* But it is hardly respectful to a work of the pretensions of this Discourse, to squeeze it in at the tail of a long letter. Possibly I may make some animadversions upon it on another occasion. D. Y.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

### Letter from our Paris Correspondent.

*The "tottering thrones" of Europe, and the "model Republic."—Exposition of Paintings and Sculpture at the Louvre.—The old Masters—Murillo-Rubens.—Passion Week.—Easter Sunday.—Church of St. Roch.—Music.—Catholic Churches.*

PARIS, 2d April, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—To-day is the anniversary of that on which I wished you adieu, and saw me commence my exile from my native land. It is natural that my thoughts should turn towards it, and that the remembrance of the friends I have left behind, should steal gently over me, filling the past with pleasant memories and the future with bright hopes. Can I do better than send you a few lines to recall me to your recollection?

I have been only agreeably disappointed in the fulfilment of the expectations which I cherished in leaving home, and shall ever be thankful for the experience which this year has given me. It is surprising how little we know in America, of the Old World. We are accustomed to hear of the "tottering monarchies" and "starving millions" of Europe, but of the real condition of things here we are almost as ignorant as of the social state existing in the moon. We forget the vast difference of circumstances and compare the little we know of European Governments, with that of our own country. We do not remember, that simple as is the machinery of our Government, it yet claims the privilege of tottering, if even its entire policy does not fall, every four years. We do not know the complication of the mechanism; how *much* is done *for* the people; and how difficult a task it becomes to provide for all social necessities, amid the clashing of interests which must exist in a population which counts its millions for the hundred thousands of even our most densely peopled States. I have no doubt that the social condition of England is very materially different, for *there* an exclusive aristocracy do nothing for the people but everything for themselves; but I do not believe that if the United States possessed a population half as numerous, in its proportion to extent, as that of France, the state of things would be comparable with that which exists here. At present even, I think there is here a far greater refinement of taste and a greater enjoyment of existence, than with us. Not that I would wish to exchange the condition of things in our country for that here—far from it, for I *hope* more from our institutions; but I am weary of hearing Americans speak of themselves as the "greatest nation in all creation," and of seeing them unwilling to look at countries far their elders in experience except as rotten relics of an olden time, to be crushed by the frail, hastily built car of *American* policy.

However, my intention was to send you a little account of what is transpiring here at the moment; not to write as I find I have written. Two things are worth description if I could but give even an imperfect idea of the reality as it has made its impression upon me.—These are the Exposition of Paintings and Sculpture at the Louvre, and the Ceremonies of Passion Week.—The first, the embodiment of the perfection of Modern Art;—the second, the perpetuation of the forms of an ancient religion. I visited, last year, the Exposition, but I was then dazzled by the almost fairy-beauty which I saw everywhere around me on my first arrival; in the Palaces, the Gardens, the Fountains, and the Monuments; and I had not then the education in regard to pictures which frequent visits to the magnificent Galleries has since given me, and which prepared me better to appreciate the modern exhibition. It is said that above five thousand pictures were sent to the jury, for admission, of which number about half were accepted. Of course there is enough material for many hours pleasure and study, among such a multitude. The very large paintings, of which the number is considerable, appear to me to be inferior to the smaller ones, of which a great many are very beautiful. One, however, the largest of all, is thought by some persons to deserve the honours of the Exposition. It is a representation of a banquet at Rome at the time when luxury had commenced her decadence; by Thomas Conture. Another large one, representing the King and Princes, the size of life, mounted on horseback, and passing out of the grand gate of the Palace at Versailles; by Horace Vernet, is extremely good. The horses and their riders seem absolutely to be advancing upon the spectator, so perfect is the imitation of life.—Vernet has another painting, "Judith," which is perhaps as good as such a subject would admit of. There are two or three other "Judiths" in the exhibition which are frightfully ugly. I think it would be a long temps before I should choose *that* subject. There are half a dozen small pictures, rural subjects, by Auguste Delaeroix, all of which struck me as good; though as they were in different places in the saloons, I was not aware that they belonged to the same artist until, on reviewing my catalogue, I found that I had marked as good all his pictures. Three sea pieces, and a view of the River St. Lawrence and its shores, intended to represent its discovery by Jacques Cartier, in 1535; painted by Theodore Gudin, for the Historical Galleries of Versailles; are extremely faithful to nature. Van Schendel has four or five small pictures, in the same style, representing the double effects of artificial and of moon-light; which are very carefully finished, and show a very accurate observation of minute circumstances in nature. I have seen his pictures also at another place, and can always recognize his style. Quite a number of fine landscapes grace the collection; but of the host of portraits, very few are at all extraordinary. Many of the drawings, and sketches in the water colours, are very beautiful. The specimens of sculpture appeared to me to be rather numerous than excellent; but I observed a bust of the Virgin, a Cleopatra, and a study of a child, "the first sorrow," as somewhat proudly eminent above the rest.

But of course I cannot hope to describe an Exposition of which the *eye* is the only organ that can convey to the mind an idea. The hand and the pen are powerless. I only hope that I may have given some notion as to the general character of the materials which compose it.—If I *could* describe paintings, I should endeavour to partake with you the pleasure I have enjoyed in seeing, again and again, some of those by the old Masters, in other galleries of the Louvre. Murillo is one of my favourites. One could almost believe in the direct inspiration of the painter, when viewing some of his representations of the personages conspicuous in Sacred history; he has concentrated so much which is lovely, pure, and spiritual in his creations. That a man should be able to imagine such perfection seems possible enough; but that his genius should have power to perpetuate, in a form which seems almost to breathe his conception—this is an astonishment. His execution of children is particularly admirable, they are so like life, and yet so seemingly endowed with the attributes of a higher nature. In my judgment there are more *good* productions of Murillo in the Louvre, than of any other artist. Those of some others, as of Rubens, for instance, are more numerous; but the beauty of the paintings by Rubens, (those of his which the Louvre contains,) seems to consist rather in the appearance of robust health and the somewhat exalted degree of embon point which he bestows upon his characters, than in any expression with which he endows them.

If your patience is not weary, let me give you in the little space which remains to me, merely a mention of the ceremonies I saw during "Holy week," just passed. The services in most of the churches were made of peculiar solemnity during all the days,—a particular chapel was fitted up in each of them in a manner to commemorate the tomb of the Saviour, at the entrance to which, the crucifix was presented to be kissed by the people, and thousands every day pressed the feet of the image to their lips. The chapel in the Church of St. Roch was very appropriately and impressively arranged; also that in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, one of the most picturesque, curious churches of Paris. At some of the churches relics were also exhibited; and I saw on Good Friday, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame,—"a piece of the true cross,"—"the holy crown of thorns,"—and "the holy nails." I did not imitate the example of the thousands who were kissing the glass frames enclosing them, though I might thus have obtained the pleasure of a much nearer inspection.

On Easter Sunday I endeavoured to obtain access to several of the churches most famous for the grandeur with which Mass is celebrated, and the perfection of the music which forms so important a part of the ceremony; among them St. Roch, St. Eustache, and the Madelaine; but it was impossible: the doors were occupied by soldiers who refused all admittance, and I was told that they were thronged by thousands, and all their immense space filled, two hours before. I succeeded in entering St. Roch for the afternoon service, by presenting myself an hour before its commencement, at the private entrance by which the Queen passes to her box, (for St. Roch is the church of the Royal family,) and I thus enjoyed the pleasure of listening to Vespers, which, though not equal to the High Mass of the morning, was yet one of the most grand demonstrations of the sublime in music, to which I ever listened. Most of the large churches, are furnished with one, two, or three small organs, in addition to the grand organ; and not content with this, other instruments are put in requisition as auxiliaries. The effect of the whole, in conjunction, combined with the grand choruses, and echoing through the vaulted aisles of the vast structures, is above all imagination: it is impossible to enjoy a more refined pleasure than to listen to it.

A company of soldiers, with their muskets, and with swords hanging at their belts, distributed about an American church, would seem somewhat strange; here it appeared a mere matter of course to find a large detachment of them engaged in keeping free a passage for circulation, and preventing any confusion among the thousands of worshippers. The Catholic churches in Europe are not encumbered by pews, but have chairs which are paid for by those who wish to occupy them. Thus the number of persons who are able to find place, either for sitting or standing, is much greater than where pews disfigure and obstruct the edifices. Here, too, the churches are open at all hours, and on every day,—and one never enters when there are not some worshippers, either attending the Mass in one of the side chapels, or kneeling alone in personal supplications. This feature—the ever welcoming arms which she extends to the devout, and the equality of men which she has always asserted, are to me the most pleasing attributes of the Catholic Church. For these adhesions to the primitive spirit of the Founder of Christianity she deserves credit and gratitude, although in so many other respects she has abandoned the simplicity and purity of her youth.

I have so much lost the habitude of writing, and especially of writing my native language, that I fear you will prefer no letters to such as mine. I have very little leisure, and my thoughts are turned into so many and so new channels, that I trust you will excuse my writing so seldom and so badly.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

W.

## Notes on New Books.

*The Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism. By Robert Southey. Second American Edition, with notes by the Rev. Daniel Curry, A.M. 2 Vols.* New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

This new and elegant edition of the life of Wesley is printed from the 3d London edition, which was edited by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, the author's son, and enriched by the copious notes made by Coleridge, and which he bequeathed to the author. The notes of the American editor render it the most complete and valuable edition of this popular work that has yet been published.—B.

*A Voyage up the River Amazon, including a residence at Para. By William H. Edwards.* New-York: Appleton & Co.: 1847.

Para is the most interesting province on the globe. It is, in truth, the flower of the earth. The brightest developments of organic life are there seen. Whatever the earth produces that is good for man may there be found in its purest state. Want is a word that could never have an equivalent in the language of the Paranese. Whatever is desirable for happiness grows there spontaneously; the air is pure, the climate equal; birds, beasts, reptiles and fishes are harmless, and were it not that the ignorant Portuguese have imposed upon the people the two curses of our own country, which always have and always must accompany each other, Slavery and protection to commerce, Para would be as remarkable for its high moral character as for the perfection of its vegetable and animal productions. Mr. Edwards says that Slavery exists there but in name; the name, however, is enough, and the tariff is a terrible reality; between the two the people are depressed in their morals, and stunted in their physical proportions. They require but liberty to become the model people of the earth. The Statesmen of the Brazils are like those Abbots of unreason, the Abbot Lawrences of New England, who believe that they can make better laws than God have done for the regulation of commerce. Mr. Edwards's volume is one of the best that we have seen on the Brazils. The first chapter is twaddling and unpromising, being filled with nauseating and common-place descriptions of scenes at sea and melancholy attempts at humour. These are the besetting sins of travel-writers; but he frees himself from them at a bound when he enters the Amazon, and until the close of the book, keeps us enchained by his lively narative of the sights he saw, and the sounds he heard, in that enchanting part of the earth.—B.

*The Lawyer's Daughter, By Joseph Alden, D. D.* New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

This beautiful little book, gilt-edged, and decorated with an elegantly illustrated coloured cover, with quaint designs after the fashionable style of the modern antique, is the third number of Harper's Fireside Library. The story is after the popular order of weaklings invented by Miss Sedgwick—very religious in phraseology, but very much unlike truth and nature. The same publishers have issued 63 of their Pictorial England, a work which can never be mentioned but with high commendation. The present number is occupied with the reign of James the first.—B.

*Marriage, a Novel, By Miss S. Ferrier. The Life of Edmund Kean, 3d edition. The Writings of Washington, Vol. 3d. Association Discussed; or, the Socialism of the Tribune examined by H. Greeley and H. J. Raymond.* New-York, Harper & Brothers, 1847.

The title of the last publication is by no means inviting, for it promises nothing more than the examination of an individual's opinions, which have not yet gained a currency among reflecting men. The Socialism of the Tribune has no fixed meaning. There is no such thing as Greeleyism yet afloat. Courier and Enquirer-ism has a debnite character, and one-half of this discussion being an emanation from that quarter, we know exactly what it means, and have no need of enlightenment on the subject. The Courier and Enquirer is fixed, firm, and consistent. It is a sworn, inveterate, and avowed foe to human improvement. It opposes everything that has not been long established. It acknowledges no standard of value but dollars. It judges of all measures by their immediate effect upon trade. It worships titles, and looks upon a D. D. at the end of a man's name as the highest of human dignities. It believes in the divinity of Kings, the infallibility of priests, the perfection of law, the wisdom of Congress, the necessity of poverty, the benefits of Slavery, the divinity of the gallows, the necessity of whips and chains, the lawfulness of war, the right of conquest, the Christianity of the duello, the blessings of banks and the restrictions on commerce. This is Courier and Enquirer-ism which Mr. Raymond, its "reasoning editor," has embodied to a certain extent in this discussion of Tribune-ism. But what Tribune-ism may be, we have not been able to discover from Mr. Greeley's share in the controversy, nor why the controversy was undertaken at all. Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond are of the same school in politics, they belong to the same party, maintain the same doctrines in political economy, advocate the election of the same men to office, worship the same political idols, oppose free-trade together, and in all radical essentials are precisely alike. Mr. Greeley appears to have got a maggot in his head which he calls Association, but what it means we have been unable to discover from reading his exposition of his views. It is very plain that Association is not a principle with Mr. Greeley, and that it does not amount to a conviction upon his mind, for it has no effect upon his politics, or his way of life; he is the professed mouth-piece of a powerful political party, who repudiate all his reformatory views, and scout his doctrines of Association. It is as difficult to serve God and Mammon now, as ever, and to be a furious Whig, and an Associationist at the same time is quite as impossible, as to be a Turk and a Christian, or a slaveholder and an Abolitionist. What the particular motive was in getting up this controversy, it is not easy to discover. The disputants hope that the discussion "may not be wholly without influence, in stimulating and bringing to beneficial results the active benevolence of the present age, as well as in keeping its projects within the limits of sound sense, of strict morality, and the imperative exactions of Christian principle." The hope is as vague and wordily expressed in the discussion, and still leaves us as much in doubt as ever as to the objects which they had in view.

We have no doubt that both parties are well meaning, and honestly think they are labouring for the good of humanity in general, but they depend upon the contributions of a political party for their support, and sacrifice all other considerations to advance the interest of their patrons. Whoever aspires to the character of a reformer, must work independently of popular parties, and be content to receive the contempt, instead of the coppers of society. Your true philosopher could never become a popular editor; charlatans gain popularity, but prophets are stoned.—B.

### This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Venus and Mars; Hebe. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); The Dog of Brussels; Dissection of the Man-Monkey; Gonfaloniere's Imprisonment; Origin of the Pickwick Papers; A Discovery. Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Life and Adventures of Zamba, &c.; Extract from Commercial Advertiser. *Selections:* White Servitude in Massachusetts; Extract from Boston Courier, *Communications:* The Guilt of England, (concluded); Latter from New Bedford.

## Married,

In this city, on Saturday, May 22d, in Trinity Church by Rev. Charles Hackley, Hon. ARIUS NYE, of Marietta, Ohio, to Miss CAROLINE M. SISSON, of Newport, Rhode Island.

In Newark, N. J. on the 5th instant, Mr. WILLIAM BRUCE, of New-York, and MARY U. daughter of Rev. A. D. Eddy, D. D. of that city.

Mr. GEORGE W. MARSH, to Miss HARRIET A. daughter of Mr. Christopher Robinson.

## Died,

In this city, on Saturday night, 29th instant, R. P. G. WRIGHT, father of the late Rev. Theodore S. Wright, aged 74 years.

In Bath, Mrs. ABIGAIL C. wife of Mr. Nathan T. Ellsworth, aged 33 years and six months.

At Brooklyn, on Monday Morning, 13th instant, after a protracted illness of fourteen months, ROBERT S. eldest son of William and Mary Harned, in the 16th year of his age.

At Brooklyn, of consumption, the 19th instant, EMMA F. GOURAUD, in the 28th year of her age, wife of Prof. Francis F. Gouraud, and daughter of Edward Painter, Esq. of Shirehampton, near Bristol, England.

On 8th of February, at sea, on board ship Wellesley, SIR WALTER SCOTT, of Abbotsford, Bart. Lt. Col. Fifteenth, Kings' Hussars, last surviving child of the author of "Waverley," in his 46th year. The baronetcy is extinct, but the Abbotsford property passes to Walter Scott Lockhart, a cornet in the 16th Lancers, the only son of John G. Lockart, Esq. editor of the Quarterly Review, and only grandson of the author of Waverley.

In London, April 21st, MARIA, wife of Isaac D'Israeli, Esq. and mother of the author of "Vivian Grey," "Humphrey," &c. in her 72d year.

April 21st, at East Farleigh vicarage, (Eng.) BARBARA ANNE, relict of the late William Wilberforce, Esq.

April 29th, in Berkley Square, London, the Hon. SOPHIA MARGARET STUART, grand-daughter of the celebrated William Penn, founder and proprietor of Pennsylvania, and widow of the Hon. and Most Rev. W. Stuart, D. D. late Lord Primate of all Ireland, in her 83d year.

At St. Germains, near Paris, March 29th, PRINCE DE POLIGNACE, in his 68th year. He was the Prime Minister of Charles X. and the chief instigator of the famous Ordinances, which caused the Revolution of July, 1830. For this act he was condemned to death, but the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. After many years incarceration at Ham, he was allowed to go into exile, and, finally to return to France, on condition that he never entered Paris. He was twice married, and in both cases to British subjects; first, to Mrs. BARBARA CAMPBELL, and secondly, to the Hon. MARIA CHARLOTTE PARKYNS, daughter of Lord RANCLIFFE, of the Peerage of Ireland.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### Foreign.

From the New-York Tribune.

**Important from Mexico.**

*Reported defeat of Colonel Doniphan. Americans lost several men and all their Artillery. Gen. Taylor marching against San Luis.*

PHILADELPHIA, Sunday evening, May 30.

By the arrival of the propellor Trumbull, Brazos files to the 19th inst. have been received. Letters to the New Orleans Picayune, dated Walnut Springs, May 3, give a report that Col. Doniphan's force had been attacked at the pass of Sierra Gordon, about half way between Saltillo and Chihuahua, by a Mexican force from Durango, under Gen. Rieso. Col. Doniphan was defeated with the loss of several men and all his artillery.

An English gentleman, who arrived at Saltillo on the 3d inst. said Col. Doniphan started from Chihuahua on the 1st of April via San Jose del Parral, and Saltillo papers think that his command must be within a few days march of that place.

The latest Monterey Pioneer thinks that an advance on San Luis is designed by Gen. Taylor, as unusual activity prevails in every department.

Gen Urrea has issued proclamations for men and contributions, and left for the city of Mexico, so says the Matamoros Flag of the 15th inst.

Vera Cruz dates to the evening of the 15th inst. furnishes nothing later from Gen. Scott.

### Later from Santa Fe.

*Critical state of the country. Another Revolution preparing.*

By a despatch from Pittsburgh, we have five days later news from Santa Fé. The news was brought to St. Louis on the 22d inst. by Mr. J. McKnight, a trader from Santa Fé. He represents the country to be in a most critical state, and that a revolution was daily anticipated. The executions which had taken place, had caused a great sensation, particularly at Puebla.

An Indian express had been received at Vegas, from Taos, for a large body of men to hold themselves in readiness to march there.

It was the general opinion that another and speedy effort would be made by the Mexicans to revolutionize the country from American sway.

The chief Alcalde and others at Vegas, who were peacefully disposed, were trying to prevent such a movement, but it is evident that nothing can effect it except the presence of a strong force to overawe them.

The Camanche Indians are very troublesome, and have announced their intention to attack every party.—*Phil. Eve. Bulletin.*

### General Items.

*Amendments to the Constitution.*—The amendment to the Constitution, altering the time of holding our annual election from the first Monday of April to the first Monday of November—and changing the sessions of the General Assembly from May to December—passed the House of Representatives yesterday by a vote of 159 to 47.

The amendment extending the right of suffrage—striking the word "white" out of the constitution—was rejected—ayes 142, nays 68—not two-thirds of the whole House.

On the amendment providing for the election of Judges of Probate by the people—the ayes were 118, nays 90.

The amendment providing for the election of Justices of the peace by the people, was also rejected. The ayes were 119, nays 87.—*Hartford Courant*, 21st.

*Killed by bad Dentistry.*—A short time since we noticed the death of Mr. N. P. Ames the celebrated manufacturer of cutlery, at Springfield, Massachusetts. His death is attributed to poison, imbibed by swallowing, in the night, the material with which an European dentist filled one of his teeth a couple of years since, and which had not been properly secured. He had not seen a well day since.—*True Sun.*

An Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle is in operation in Centreville. Ten women meet Tuesday afternoons in Liberty Hall. They intend to have a Fair next Winter. The proceeds will be devoted to sustaining lectures.

*Sandwich Observer.*

*Accident to Gen. Caleb Cushing.*—The Matamoras Flag of May 8th, gives the following intelligence: "General Cushing met with an accident of a very serious nature on Thursday evening which, we are truly sorry to hear, is likely to prevent his moving about for some time. Accompanied by a lady, he was taking a walk through the streets after night fall, and in going out of the Plaza at the southeast corner, where the street is fortified so as to leave only a foot-path not exceeding two feet wide for egress, he placed his foot upon a loose brick, which gave way and precipitated him into the ditch, breaking the bone of his left leg, just above the ankle. He was taken to his quarters immediately, and Dr. McPhail called to his assistance, from whose surgical skill expectations are created that the broken bone may be speedily healed. At present he is suffering much pain, and the accident distresses him much, as it prevents his fulfilling the duties of his recent appointment.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*For Standard—from May 11th, to 29th, 1847.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jonathan Leonard, Meriden, Ct. | | 4 00 |
| Mary Ela, Pineville, Pa. | | 1 00 |
| Leonard Tuttle, Meriden, Ct. | | 1 00 |
| James Doud, Berlin, Ohio, | | 50 |
| Harvey Chase, Valley Falls, R. I. | | 1 00 |
| Gray & Jennings, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. | | 1 00 |
| John Young, Milton, | " | 1 00 |
| Sarah Marshall, New-York, | | 1 00 |
| Peter Chamberlain, Saybrook, Ohio, | | 1 00 |
| Eliza C. Clapp, Leicester, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| Eliza Houpt, Newville, N. Y. | | 1 00 |
| Elizabeth Whittemore, New-York, | | 1 00 |
| Francis Donaldson, New Richmond, Ohio, | | 1 00 |
| Daniel Parker, | " " " | 1 00 |
| Martha Smith, Plainfied, Ct. | | 1 00 |
| S. Howland, Sherwoods' Corners, N. Y. | | 1 00 |
| David Hinckley, Hyannis, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| Lyman Hurd, Washington, N. H. | | 1 00 |
| W. A. Hall, New-York, | | 1 00 |
| John Lee, Jr. " | " | 1 00 |
| Robert R. Furguson, Wilkesbarre, Pa. | | 50 |
| Charles O. Nichols, Leominster, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| Rebecca M. Parker, Plymouth, | " | 1 00 |
| Daniel Smalley, Williamsville, N. Y. | | 50 |
| L. Wetmore, New-York, | | 1 00 |
| Thomas A. Greene, New Bedford, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| James B. Congdon, " | " " | 5 00 |
| Abram Allen, Oakland, Ohio, | | 1 00 |
| Abel J. Hoag, Toledo, | " | 1 00 |
| Reuben Mosher, North Galway, N. Y. | | 1 00 |
| Henry Mott, Manhassett | " | 1 00 |
| Sarah G. Andrews, Bradford, N. H. | | 1 00 |
| Mary G. Chapman, Boston, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| Rev. Moses G. Thomas, | " | 1 00 |
| Mary L. Clapp, Scituate, | " | 1 00 |
| G. W. Pierce, Boston | " | 1 00 |
| Mrs. B. Fowler, Charlestown, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| Z. Abbott, Wilton, N H. | | 1 00 |
| John Cutler, Jaffrey | " | 1 00 |
| John H. Powers, Warren, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| James Dunklee, South Merrimack, N. H. | | 1 00 |
| H. W. Smith, New-York, | | 1 00 |
| John Begbie, Newark, N. J. | | 1 00 |
| Hurlburt & Beman, Naples, N. Y. | | 1 00 |
| Charles Wood, Middlesex, | " | 1 00 |
| Joseph McFarland, " | " | 1 00 |
| Nathaniel Loomis, Rushville " | | 1 00 |
| Amos White, Northbridge, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| Seth Sprague, Duxbury, | " | 1 00 |
| Daniel Gordon, Beloit, Wiskonsan, | | 1 00 |
| C. Bramhall, Boston, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| H. M. Sanford, Oxford, | " | 1 00 |
| A. M. Bailey, New Bedford | " | 1 00 |
| I. S. Smith, Dorchester, | " | 2 00 |
| Miss Kendall, Plymouth, | " | 1 00 |
| H. H. Leggett, Pillsbury, | " | 1 00 |
| Charles G. Davis, Boston | " | 1 00 |
| Total Amount, | | $ 64 0 |

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

## NOTICES.

### WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. McKim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,
*General Agent.*

### NOTICE.

WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NEW-YORK!!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

### COMING WEST.

Our friends in the West will be rejoiced to hear, that (accidents not preventing) Wm. Lloyd Garrison and James N. Buffum will be at the anniversary meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society in August, and remain in the West a few weeks.

Parker Pillsbury hopes to attend a first of August meeting in Ohio, and remain some time with us; and Frederick Douglass, in company with Charles Lenox Remond, will attend the anniversary, and visit several other places before they return.

SAMUEL BROOKE, *Gen. Agt.*

### WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighbourhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skilful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

*Betsey M. Cowles*, Austinburg,
*Lydia Irish*, New Lisbon,
*Jane D. McNealy*, Greene,
*Mary Donaldson*, do.
*Matilda S. Howell*, Painesville,
*Susan Marshall*, do.
*Maria L. Giddings*, Jefferson,
*Mercy Lloyd*, Lloydsville,
*Mary Ann Bronson*, Medina,
*Phebe Ann Carroll*, Ravenna,
*Martha J. Tilden*, do.
*Ruth Dugdale*, Green Plain,
*Elizabeth Borton*, Selma,
*Maria Whitmore*, Andover,
*Sarepta Brown*, New Lyme,
*Eliza Cowles*, Geneva,
*Zilpah Barnaby*, Mt. Union,
*Harriet N. Torrey*, Parkman,
*Elizabeth A. Stedman*, Randolph,
*Cordelia Smalley* do.
*Elizabeth Butterworth* Hopkinsville,
*Ann Walker*, Leesville,
*Mary Griswold*, New Garden,
*Eliza Holmes*, Columbiana,
*Leah Voglesong*, do.
*Anna C. Fuller*, Brooklyn,
*Cornelia R. Cowles*, Buffalo, N. Y.
*Laura Barnaby*, Salem,
*J. Elizabeth Jones.* do,

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doe

## Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

### VENUS AND MARS.

Two sat together, side by side
Beneath the silent stars,
And one at pensive Venus looked,
And one at fiery Mars!

The maiden watched the star of love,
And owned its gentle sway;
The youth he sought the fiery star,
And panted for the fray.

Her face was sad as then she watched,
Her heart was filled with sighs;
But his grew stern as in his soul,
A bright red flame did rise.

And long those two in silence sat
Beneath the silent stars;
And though she sometimes turned to him,
He only looked at Mars.

Oh, Edward, dear, at last she said,
Turn now from Mars away;
You loved not once that fiery star,
Nor panted for the fray.

Ah! then you loved the milder stars,
And best this star of mine;
And kissed me when to me you said,
In that most beauties shine.

So then he turned from Mars away,
And looked into her eyes;
For in his soul he felt once more
The milder passion rise.

Oh, Lelia, dear, he softly said,
I still love all the stars
I love the light of Venus well,
And well the light of Mars.

And I but court the fiery star,
And pant in fray to be,
That I may win a Laurel wreath
Which you shall wear with me.

Oh, what, she said, is that to me,
If you to win must stray,—
When better is the wreath of Love
Than Laurel won in fray,

And Edward dear, for every leaf
Of Laurel which doth grow,
A thousand Cyprus leaves put out
Where men to battle go.

But soon she sat alone at eve,
Upgazing at the stars;
And then she looked at Venus less,
And looked the more at Mars.

While her sad face grew sadder still,
Her heart more full of sighs:—
For every hope that in it sprung
A hundred fears would rise.

And soon he on the battle-field
Lay 'neath the silent stars;
And then he more at Venus looked,
And looked the less at Mars.

Ere long his face grew sterner still,
His heart most full of sighs;
No more he loved the fiery light
That once had filled his eyes.

Oh, Love, he cried, as there he lay,
The wreath I 've wove for thee,
Is but the dewy Cyprus wreath
Which soon you 'll wear for me.

Now she alone forever sits
Beneath the silent stars,
And sighs when she at Venus looks,
And weeps at sight of Mars.

A. D. F. R.

From the Young American's Magazine.

### HEBE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates,
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp,
Thrilling with godhood:—like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp:—
The beaker fell: the luck was over.

The Earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's?

O, spendthrift haste! await the God's;
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honour.

Elmwood, 1847.

## Miscellany.

### TOUSSAINT:
### AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)*

CHAPTER VIII.

New life awoke at the Cape at the arrival of several large ships of war bringing General Galbaud, the new Governor-General. Cannon roared their welcome from the forts and batteries, and flags floated from all the shipping. England had now declared war; her cruisers covered the seas and a strong fleet was expected at Jamaica. The French, however, had not only arrived safely at St. Domingo, but had been successful in several engagements and taken a number of English merchantmen. The ill-will existing between the Commissaries and the Creoles had led to violent scenes in the Assembly and Santonax had recourse to force. Individuals were sent on board armed vessels as the surest places of confinement. Arrests increased, persecution engendered revenge, and revenge, fear, and soon the island became a picture of the mother-country. The aristocrats sought safety in flight or silence. The middle-class became disaffected through the ruin of commerce, and the Commissaries were supported by the military, and the rabble with whom liberty and equality were equivalent to robbery and murder.

The sea was boisterous on the day Galbaud disembarked, and some boats were upset and men were drowned. The mob predicted the same fate for all the aristocrats. A considerable portion of the population welcomed the new-comers with joy. The Creoles, who had kept silent, now crept forth, all who had held offices, many of the *petit-blancs*, many of the national guard, in fine, the mass of those, who had anything to lose; all these united to give Galbaud a brilliant reception.

Galbaud seemed formed to inspire confidence.—His countenance wore a martial air, and he appeared to possess the decision which Blanchelande so grievously lacked. He was recieved by the municipal authorities joined by such citizens of distinction and planters as could be found. The National Guards were drawn up in parade, and Galbaud could ascertain from the manner of his reception, the state of feeling. The soldiers of the line shouted their stern "vive la republique," and looked with an air of defiance at the General whose attachment to the new principles was somewhat suspected, and the mob sang the liberty hymn and poured forth their various cries. The Commissaries, however, were absent. The General had arrived earlier than was expected, and Santonax and Polverel were in the West, busy in the establishment of model-plantations where negroes, were employed for wages. The absence of these men was apparently so fortunate for the new Governor that even Charmilly, who had lately played his part with great prudence, was greatly encouraged. He had appeared before the Assembly as the accuser of the rash Boulet, and had effected his removal from his command, while in secret he promised the young man every indemnity. In this way, and by affecting great patriotism, he had thus far escaped the storm. While Santonax was eager to secure him as he felt that Charmilly was all powerful in Grand-Anse, and as in this district the Commissaries met with the greatest opposition.—Thus matters stood, when Galbaud appeared, and shortly after his arrival, we see Venant de Charmilly standing by his side, as he is about to meet the Commissaries in the Government-house.

The General was surrounded by a group of naval officers who, being, as had long been the case in the Frence navy, of high birth and not yet reached by the proscriptive frenzy of the Jacobins, looked down with a certain contempt upon the Commissaries of the Convention. Galbaud and his brother, who accompanied him as his Adjutant General stood a little apart, the former talking with Charmilly.

"Now you know all, General," said Charmilly, and the last advice which an old man somewhat versed in the affairs of this unhappy Island is to delay not a moment. Lose no time. Of the two thousand from the ships, a considerable portion are now roaming about the sreets. Send off your aids and have them all brought hither and the very moment Santonax and his accomplice enter this hall, send them both on board the Borée, and off with them to France. It is the only way to secure the victory and avoid bloodshed."

"You know the state of this island," replied the General gloomily, "but not the situation of the mother-country. These Commissaries belong to the dominant party in the Convention where, God forbid! the wicked may by this time have overcome the good. To lay hands on these men would be to provoke the malignity of the whole crew. I fear them not; I shall not yield like Blanchelande, be assured of that. We cannot depend entirely on the fleet. However, I stand here in the name of the Convention," he added, proudly. "I have been appointed and sent hither as Governor-General. I shall wait and see whether these citizens will dare disobey the laws. The right will be on my side, if they do, and I will not spare them."

He had hardly concluded when the expected arrival of the Commissaries was announced by a tremendous shouting in the street. The rabble, as usual headed the procession. With the Deputies of the Convention rode Gen. de la Veaux attended by a numerous staff. A troop of dragoons followed, and after them, marching at quick step, a battalion of the true sons of the Revolution, who immediately surrounded the gates of the palace and guarded every entrance. The Commissaries saluted the people and amidst vociferous acclamations ascended the steps with looks haughty and sinister. When at the door of the hall, Santonax pressed his companion's hand, and whispered, "Brother, consider, this hour will decide,—either virtue will be victorious or vice bear rule." They entered; and now the two parties stood face to face. On one side Galbaud and his brother and the Creoles of distinction, with what was left of the nobility, and the Assembly and a portion of the municipal authorities and the National Guard and the marine; on the other the Commisaries in high-top boots and blue coats with swords and tri-coloured scarfs, behind them a number of officials, officers of the line, and finally certain popular orators, with others, savage looking personages, who were stationed round the door with red caps and sleeves turned up exposing their brown, sinewy arms.

Both parties measured each other with cold, proud looks. Galbaud, with his credentials in his hand, seemed to awe his opponents by his great calmness, and an air of contempt, whilst the bearing of the Commissaries betokened greater energy, arising from their confidence of success, and the preparations they had made to humble their adversary.

As the Commissaries advanced, Galbaud stepped towards them with a courteous smile and bow, which were very coldly acknowledged. At this moment a drama opened, the fearful termination of which had been foreseen by none. Galbaud stepped back, his eyes flashing with anger, his friends thronged around him, and soon the hall resounded with the noise of violent altercation.

"I come in the name of the Convention," said the General, "and I am astonished at this unfriendly reception by those who should be first to regard the laws."

"And what authorizes you, Citizen General," cried Santonax, "to presume that we disregard them? By what right does Citizen Galbaud dare to reprove the Deputies of the Convention? You come in the name of the Convention, and it is in the name of the Convention that we too are here, and it is our duty also to see to the execution of the laws."

"That is henceforth my duty," replied Galbaud. "Citizen Deputies, I trust I shall be a messenger of peace, and a restorer of order in this unhappy land."

Polverel's temper was excited at once, at this implied censure of the Commissaries, and stepping up to Galbaud: "Patience, citizen," he said, "you are not yet what you imagine yourself to be. It is we who still watch over the true welfare of the republic, and we shall still see that its laws are not violated."

"What do you mean, citizens?" exclaimed the General, "I am sent here by the law, and am under its protection. I cannot suppose that you will dare to oppose my entrance upon the duties of my office."

"I :ell you plainly, Citizen Galbaud," replied Santonax, "we will never suffer you to assume the authority of Governor."

"But here are my credentials all duly signed," cried the General, struggling with astonishment and anger.

"Keep your credentials," said Santonax, "they are useless."

"They are not satisfactory," added Polverel.

"Fraudulently got!" cried a voice from the back ground.

"Death to the aristocrats!" bellowed a fellow near the door.

"You are labouring under some serious mistake," said Galbaud, hardly able to suppress his wrath, or you are guilty of a great crime. I swear by my honour, I am sent by the free choice of the Convention."

"Your appointment was unlawful," said Santonax.

"A charge without proof is slander," said Galbaud's brother.

"Aye, the proofs, Citizen Commissaries, let us have the proofs," cried the General.

"Well, hear then, citizen," replied Santonax. "In appointing you Governor, the Convention has either transgressed the law, or they were ignorant of the situation of your personal affairs, and you omitted to make it known."

"That's something novel," exclaimed Galbaud. "By Heaven! make that clear to me, or I shall lose all patience."

"Do you not know," cried Polverel, in a tone of triumph, "that the law expressly forbids the appointment of a Governor who has landed property on this Island?"

"And this," said Galbaud, contemptuously, but with visible embarrassment, "this is to be applied to me?"

"Do you not own land in St. Domingo?" inquired Santonax.

"I certainly do," replied Galbaud, "if you choose to consider as mine a small coffee plantation which my wife inherited, and which I have never seen, and never cared for. But nothing but personal ill-will could make the law on that account apply to me."

"And did the Convention know," said Santonax, disregarding this last remark, "that you owned that estate?"

"I must admit," said Galbaud, with a soldierly frankness, "that I was neither questioned about it, nor did I mention it, for it hardly occurred to me."

"You will see, then, Citizen General," said Santonax, calmly, "that to maintain the law, we must direct you to quit the Island, return to France, and deposit your appointment at the bar of the Convention."

Galbaud was so amazed at this insolence, that for a moment he knew not what to reply. "Citizen Commissaries," said he at length, "you cannot suppose that I will consent to be sent home like a child. Consider the dignity of the Convention, your own reputation and mine—it must not, it cannot be. I call upon you all, citizens, all here present, to be my witnesses. You have an interest in this matter."

"Citizen Galbaud," exclaimed Santonax, "were there no other proof of the Convention's having been mistaken in you, your own conduct is sufficient. Instead of respecting the law, you consult your own ambition, and try to unsettle the minds of the citizens of St. Domingo."

Here the General's brother interfered, but received a sharp reply. Charmilly then tried to mediate, proposing that Galbaud should exercise the authority with which he was invested, till word could be received from Paris. But Santonax saw the trap, and looking sharply at the Baron, and throwing off all disguise: "Citizen Charmilly," said he, "there is no need of your interposition. The law is supreme. If the General owned no property here, we should be the first to welcome him, but as it is let him bow to the law."

"Never!" Cried Galbaud, "I shall yield to none of your miserable machinations."

Polverel, giving away to his passionate temper, here exclaimed, "Citizen, one step further, and the law will disown you. In the name of the country, we bid you leave this Island instantly."

"In the name of the country, in the name of liberty, and of the National Convention!" cried Galbaud, I command you to resign to me the power you have assumed."

In the midst of the clamour that now arose, Santonax stood pondering for a moment, but soon perceiving that delay was dangerous, he whispered to la Veaux, who, nodding in reply, proceeded to give his orders to his aids. Santonax then beckoned to Vincent, who had lately been advanced to the rank of a chief of battallion, and then stepping up to Galbaud: "Citizen Galbaud," said he, "there are only two ways of settling this matter. You must either submit, and return to France willingly, or we force you to go, and hand you over to the law as a disturber of the peace."

"Neither the one nor the other," replied Galbaud, calmly, "I shall repel force by force, and all good citizens will aid me."

Santonax shrugged his shoulders, and turning to his colleague said: "Well, Polverel, we need not wait. Citizen officers of the Marine," he continued, raising his voice, "I require you to repair to your posts on board the ships. In the name of the republic I call upon you to do your duty." His piercing look of menace ranged through the circle, and so great was the effect of the iron energy of these Deputies of the nation, that every eye was cast down in subserviency and fear. Santonax and Polverel then bowed to the Assembly, and retired with their followers, all except Vincent, who took his station at the door. A shout arose in the street at the appearance of the Commissaries. Galbaud pressed Charmilly's hand. "You were right," said he, hurriedly, "there is no principle in these men. We must act instantly and resolutely."

"I am afraid," murmured the Baron, glancing at Vincent, "that it is almost too late."

"Point me out the best of our friends," whispered Galbaud. "You know upon whom we can count."

As they approached the door, Vincent presented himself before them. "What means this, citizen?" exclaimed Galbaud, laying his hand on his sword, I require your submission to the Governor of St. Domingo."

"General," replied Vincent, firmly, "I obey the orders of my superiors, in whose name I require you to go on board the fleet, forthwith."

Galbaud started, and cast his eyes wildly upon the circle of his amazed followers. "Do you really dare," he cried, "to banish the appointed servant of the Convention! Unprecedented insult! the wretches! the traitors! And you, Citizen, do you degrade yourself to obey these men, and resist your companion in arms, an old General, appointed by the nation!"

"General," said Vincent, coolly, "I do my duty."

"And I," said Galbaud, "I certainly shall not yield obedience to those who have no right to command."

"General," said Vincent, "every man submits to necessity. This place is surrounded by five hundred bayonets, the door is guarded by fifty dragoons. I have positive orders, but I hope the difficulty of my position will not be increased."

Charmilly drew Galbaud aside, and made some communication in a whisper, upon which the latter turned to the young officer and said: "So you are to conduct me as a prisoner on board the fleet, Mr. de St. Vincent? Well, then, I shall follow you; you are right, a wise man yields to necessity. But in the presence of this Assembly, I solemnly protest against this violence." Turning to his friends, he added: "Gentlemen, adieu, your friendship shall never be forgotten."

"You will not be separated from your friends, General," said Vincent, "they will all go with you to France."

This startling announcement seemed to paralyze all present. Even Charmilly, who was not easily alarmed, for a moment lost all presence of mind. The Creole gentlemen broke forth into cries and imprecations; tears gushed from eyes unused to weep. Charmilly, however, soon recovered himself, and sate down by a distant window, and on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, penned a few lines to Jumecourt, who as yet was excepted from the fatal mandate. Having folded the paper, he joined his friends again, and tried to cheer them, both with words and by his own dignified bearing. As they left the hall, they were received by the military, and escorted to the harbour. But the procession was not so triumphant in this case, for the Commissaries, as in that of Blanchelande. The middle class of the population were startled to see the leading men, magistrates, members of the Assembly, thus guarded and carried away to the fleet. The sight even impressed the rabble, whose shouts were faint and few. The naval officers alone were permitted to pass free, and they were now seen hurrying to the fleet. The seamen, who had been wandering about the streets, were noisy and quarrelsome, and little disposed to recognize the authority of the land-rats as they termed them.

When the procession reached the shore, they were compelled to await the approach of the boats from the ships. A crowd gathered, who were kept in check by the better class of citizens. A gloomy silence, portentous of a coming storm, pervaded the throng. The soldiers stood with gloomy looks, leaning upon their muskets, and evidently impatient to be released from so unpopular a duty. Vincent, although he exhibited the implicit obedience of a soldier, shared in the anxiety of his companions in arms. He cast anxious looks upon old Charmilly, and with a feeling of pain was mingled a secret satisfaction, which even a generous mind, under the circumstances, could not wholly avoid at the prospect of the removal from the Island of the uncle of Helen. It was but a few hours before that he had received a few lines from her, in which she related, with great anguish, how the day before her uncle had insisted upon her accepting the proposals of Jumecourt. He had commanded her, she wrote, to regard Jumecourt as her betrothed lover, who was to be her protector in case she should be deprived of his own protection. Vincent wrote back to her by the same means, a faithful female slave, that he hoped to see her by ten o'clock that evening, when he would tell her all his plans. What those plans were, he hardly knew himself, but he was resolved to settle the matter, and he was just pondering upon the propriety of calling to his aid young Polverel, and through him, his father, when he received the summons to wait upon the Commissaries, whom the arrival of Galbaud had called from the West to the Cape. They had given him the assurance of their confidence in him, and informed him of the duty he was expected to discharge. And now he was executing the orders by which Charmilly was to be separated from Helen, and she be set suddenly and unexpectedly free. Vincent was, nevertheless, anxious and desponding. His prospects were doubtful, his mind was agitated, and he represented to himself Helen as in the power of Jumecourt, and that note which Charmilly had written, and which Vincent saw him slip into the hand of a man in the crowd—an act which he might have prevented, but had forborne to interfere with—what could it contain but instructions to Jumecourt, unfavourable to the designs of Vincent. The boats had now arrived, and the prisoners were placed in them. And Vincent's duty was discharged, for the prisoners were to be attended on board the fleet by an aid of Gen. La Veaux's. Vincent was glad to escape the painful sight. The vessels were crowded with persons under arrest, among whom were ladies, and some of them acquaintances of his. He sympathized with their forlorn condition. He turned to the crowd, who were evidently greatly excited. A few voices were heard uttering execrations upon the Commissaries. One could hear the sobs and cries of a woman, the wife of an officer of the National Guard, a merchant of distinction, and now a prisoner. With a babe in her arms, she begged in vain for permission to share her husband's captivity. By sights like this the indignation of the people was increased. Up to a late hour they lingered on the shore in threatening groups, looking at the ships, between which and the land, all intercourse was, by the order of the Commissaries, suspended.

Vincent betook himself to the Commissaries to report the result of his commission; but he did not venture to tell them his apprehensions, for both evidently considered the matter completely settled. Joy shone in their countenances; they were full of the most sanguine hopes, and had come to the conclusion to order the principal part of the fleet to set sail the next morning. The dinner, to which they had invited a number of their friends, accordingly assumed the character of a festal entertainment. The bands of the garrison responded, amidst the ringing of glasses, to the toasts, the burden of which was the Republic, the virtuous Commissaries, and the destruction of all traitors. The Marseillese hymn was sung, and the festivities were prolonged till the day was far spent.

*(To be Continued.)*

From the Home Journal.

### THE DOG OF BRUSSELS.

After visiting many of the interesting objects which that pleasant capital offers to the notice of strangers, my companion and I turned our steps towards the Chamber of Deputies. The building is extensive, and occupies three sides of a square, the fourth being open towards the parks. There is a large smooth court in front, which forms a pleasant promenade; but in one corner of it, and somewhat marring the stateliness of the scene, I noticed a common little wooden dog kennel, which I supposed to belong to a watch-dog. Humble as was this little tenement, it was connected with an incident, of which I had the following history from my loquacious conductress. "Here," she said, "in this place was the fiercest fighting in the revolution of 1830; for several days after the battle, the ground was red with French and Belgian blood."

Just then a shaggy-looking dog, somewhat resembling a large terrier, but, as I thought, an ugly specimen of his race, walked slowly towards us. He looked good-natured, and I stopped to pat him.

"Ay," said the old woman, "madam may caress him now with safety, as he is not on *the spot*."

"What spot?" I inquired; and in reply, she told me the following anecdote. "In the revolutionary army that assembled to oppose the Dutch, who invaded our city in the month of September, 1830, was a young French officer, who, wherever he went, was followed by the dog you see. The poor lad was in the thickest of the fighting on the fatal 21st, and fell, covered with wounds, on a spot which I will shew you."

She led me towards the centre of the court, but the dog went before, and lay down near a smooth stone, looking up at us with an expression of fierce defiance in his eyes.

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the old lady, "we 're not going to disturb you. Don't go near him, madam, while he 's there. This was the spot where his master's dead body lay, and he sat beside it, licking the bleeding wounds At length it was removed for burial, but the dog followed it, and staid for three days beside his grave. At the end of that time he returned here, and lay down where you see him now, growling savagely, and attacking any one who tried to dislodge him. Some of the people about, beat him with sticks, and drove him away; the next day he returned, but was again cruelly hunted off. When he came back for a third time, he was worn to a skeleton from fatigue and hunger, and looked as if he would never rise again from his master's death-place. My husband and I had gone away for awhile, or we would not have suffered the creature to be ill-treated; but one of the directors, who is a very humane man, chanced to pass by just as a rabble of boys were preparing once more to torture the poor faithful dog. He immediately dispersed them, and having inquired into the circumstances connected with the animal, he ordered that he should never be molested; that the kennel which you see should be built for him; and procured a small sum to be allowed weekly for his maintenance. He soon recovered his strength, and you may see by his appearance that he is taken care of. Indeed, he is well known in the town; and the little masters and misses that play in the park delight in bringing him sweet cakes, of which he is very fond. However, they know very well that although he is as gentle as a lamb while he is walking up and down, they must never attempt to touch him when lying on his chosen spot, from which, indeed, he never stirs in any direction, farther than about a hundred yards. Many of his young friends have tried to entice him to a greater distance; and we have sometimes allowed him to be hungry, and then coaxed him on with his most favourite food; but in vain. He always turned back, and lay down where his master fell. Seven years have now passed away, but it is still the same; the dumb creature never forgets."

During my stay at Brussels I often walked by the place, and never missed the dog from his accustomed haunt, nor saw him pass the self-imposed limits mentioned by the good woman. Her story was confirmed to me by others, so that I can see no reason to doubt its truth. I do not know the name of the dog of Brussels; his faithful limbs have no doubt long ere now mingled with the dust, but memory often recalls the story of his enduring love.

Perchance the tidings of his young master's fall brought darkness to the chambers of some vine-covered cottage of France—robbed fair faces of their smiles, and covered graceful forms with the garb of woe. They wept and lamented; but a year passed over, and the brothers and sisters laughed and conversed as before. The vacant place of the dead was no longer heeded, and his name had become an unspoken word. Another year, and his fair affianced one had consented to become another's bride. No tear in that bright eye, no shadow on that smooth brow, now told that even one sorrowing thought ever turned towards *his* lonely grave.

Years still passed on, and even in the widowed mother's heart the memory of her soldier-boy waxed dim.

She did not forget him quite, and often some trifling object or event would serve to renew her grief. But at other times she could sit and smile, pleased and contented as though that sharp arrow of bereavement had never been felt. The brothers and sisters had each other still—the fair betrothed had another love—the mother had many sons—the *dog* had but one master. Fond and faithful to the end, with constancy that knew no change, that dumb creature's cold vigils on the stone at Brussels put evermore to shame our vaunted human love.

From the London Literary Gazette.

### DISSECTION OF THE MAN-MONKEY.

The late Hervey Leach, commonly called Hervio Nano, who died about three weeks ago, bequeathed his remains to Dr. Liston. The Literary Gazette gives the following account of the construction and appearance of the body:—"This extraordinary cripple exhibits the very rare combination of perfect symmetry, strength and beauty, with a great amount of deformity. The head is remarkably fine in form, and the expression intelligent and benign; the chest, shoulders, and arms form a perfect model of strength and beauty; the arms are exceedingly muscular, and the hands very well and strongly formed; when standing, the arms could reach the ground easily, so as to be employed in progressing or leaping; in the place of legs there are two limbs, the left about eighteen inches from the hip to the point of the toes, the right about twenty-four from the same points. The feet are natural, The easiest mode of explaining the nature of these limbs is to say, that it seems as though the thigh bones and muscles had disappeared, and the knee joints been raised up to the hips; the bone on the one side is tolerably like a leg bone, on the other it is compressed into an immensely strong bone of triangular form, with the base upwards, and knit to the hip with very strong ligaments. These limbs are furnished with the muscles which should have belonged to the thigh, and those of the leg are much increased in size; the muscles of the calf being comparatively small, on account proably of his mode of walking, contribute to give the limb the look of a lion's fore-arm.—Nearly double power must have been obtained over the feet by this arrangement; and this would account for his extraordinary feats of leaping, such as following a horse at full speed on the hands and feet, and suddenly springing on its back like a monkey, or jumping ten feet in the air. His mode of fighting, too, was most original; he used to spring in the air, and at the same instant deal the most terrific blow upon his unwary antagonist's head, so that he was a very formidable combatant. It is said that in his palmy days, while driving his cab, a clumsy carter drove against him, and, as usual accused Hervio of being in fault, at which our hero sprang from his seat on to the back of the man, and gave him a most terrible thrashing. His feats of strength in his monkey characters are well known. A very good cast of the entire figure has been made, which will doubtless be shown to those who may be curious in such matters.

From Count Gonfaloniere's account of his imprisonment.

I am an old man now; yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed, for I did not live—it was not life—in the self-same dungeon ten feet square! During six of those years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next, we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year, we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection! The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world still went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty; but I was *glad* when he was gone; even solitude was better than the dim vision of that pale vacant face! After that I was alone, only one event broke in upon my nine years vacancy. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me, the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—whence proceeding I knew not—uttered these words: "By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago."—Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again.

Origin of the Pickwick Papers.—It is not, we believe, generally known that the Pickwick Papers originated with the artist—poor Seymour, who having executed seven or eight etchings, sought a purchaser for them, and sent forth his wife for the purpose of finding one. She entered, by chance, the shop of Chapman and Hall, Strand, and submitted the designs, which were at once accepted; subsequently application was made to Mr. Charles Dickens to accompany them with letter-press, and immortal Pickwick was the result. The first eight illustrations to this book only are by Mr. Seymour. Some two or three months after the first number appeared, and when the author was carrying all before him, the artist rose early one morning, walked into the garden, and shot himself. Such are the "ups and-downs" of life. Fame and fortune to the one; suicide to the other; and penury to his wife and children! Poor Seymour! at the very moment when he was about to reap the harvest he had been sowing for years of anxious and almost incredible labor, his mind gave way, and he quitted existence, leaving behind him only the reputation of a clever caricaturist, which, had he lived, prosperity would have changed to that of a high moral teacher by art. We have been told that he produced no fewer than ten thousand etchings and drawings on wood; yet his name is now almost forgotten, and, if reference be made to the commencing prints in Pickwick, it is, with the mass of its readers, only to wonder who this Mr. Seymour was and what became of him.—He left a widow and two children to struggle with poverty—a terrible example it has been—although the Artist's Benevolent Fund liberally came to their relief.—*Art-Union Jour.*

A Discovery.—About two miles from this village, on land known as the "Kerr tract," there is an ancient Mound, circular at the base—about thirty-nine feet in diameter rising ovally to a point, which is surmounted by an oaken stump probably originally two feet in diameter, which is almost totally decayed from age. A few days since, some boys dug into the mound, and nearly under the stump, at the depth of three feet, a skeleton was found, much decayed, but portions of it in a fair degree of preservation.—Near the head were found two stone hatchets, an arrow head, a stone pipe, and far more singular—a lot of plates, apparently isinglass, which are covered with lines and hieroglyphics of different and beautiful colors. The colors and workmanship betoken a more advanced and entirely different state of the arts than has been heretofore discovered in the remains of Indian tribes. Some of the plates were destroyed but there are fifteen reserved. They are circular, oval in shape, and about seven inches by ten in size. A pipe bowl, beautifully finished from stone, was also found. A bowl, which is nearly round, rises from a base on the bottom of which are the figures "1461." Measures are being taken, under the supervision of some of our most intelligent citizens, further to explore this singular mound. There is little doubt but that these plates contain the history of some former race that has inhabited this country, and we shall wait further discoveries with great curiosity.—*Lower Sandusky Democrat.*

## Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

A Fight with the Executioner on the Scaffold. — The following occurrence took place at Nauplia, in Greece:—Two brigands, Demetrius and Theodosius Tryphoupoulos, were brought out for execution in the principal square of the town. They both walked quietly to the scaffold, but when the executioner approached Demetrius to bind him to the fatal plank, the latter, who is a man of gigantic stature and herculean strength, burst his cords, and overthrew the executioner and his assistants. On their endeavouring to seize him, when they regained their legs, Demetrius beat them severely, and threatened to pitch them off the scaffold among the crowd, and was carrying his threats into execution, when the executioner drew a long-bladed knife from under his dress, and stabbed Demetrius to the heart, who fell dead upon the platform. The executioner then decapitated the corpse. The other brother, Theodosius, on the contrary, seemed perfectly resigned to his fate, and submitted himself quietly into the hands of the executioner.

Who is Lola Montes?—The Donna is of a very good Spanish family, but was born in Ireland. Her friends returning to Spain, young Lola accompanied them, and in due course, at an early age, married an officer in the Spanish service, and mixed in very good society. This marriage did not turn out a very happy one, and Donna eloped with an Irishman; she was afterwards abandoned by her lover in Dublin, when she commenced a career of profligacy remarkable only for its audacity. One of her many admirers procured her some lessons in stage dancing, and had influence enough to get her an engagement at the Opera. She appeared as Lola Montes, the whole matter having been kept as secret as possible. But the men of the omnibus box, and the *habitues* of the stalls, recognized in the new "Spanish dancer" their old friend "Betsy Watson," and the whole affair was voted a "take in." Lola then proceeded to Paris, where she failed; from Paris she went to Berlin, and from Berlin to Munich, where it seems, she has completely enslaved the King. It is difficult to say which runs to the greatest excess, his Majesty's infatuation, or the lady's insolence. Lola had, before the "bull-dog" story, managed to make herself tolerably notorious by refusing to rise when the Royal family entered the theatre, according to the custom at Munich, and persisted in retaining her seat in her box even when the propriety of rising was suggested to her. The King of Bavaria must be a very sad fellow indeed, even when tried by the very lax standard of German Court morality. The most beautiful room in his Palace is that which is devoted to the portraits of his mistresses. The apartment is hung with crimson-coloured velvet, and the portraits of some dozen beautiful women, all in deep gold oval frames, decorate it. The effect is beautiful in the extreme. The ministers and *attaches* of the German Courts, here (London) are quizzed unceasingly by the quondam friends of "Betsy Watson," for the doting fondness of the Bavarian king.—*Cheltenham Looker-on.*

The Pulpit Divided.—The Abbey Church of Paisley is collegiate. In the forenoon one of the ministers preached in favour of Sunday trains on the Edinburg and Glasgow railway, and invited the congregation to go into the vestry and sign an address to that effect. In the afternoon the other minister lectured against the trains, and intimated that he also had an address in the vestry.

A sepulchre which has been recently discovered at Rome, near "the Scipio's tomb," contains inscriptions relating to the deposite of the bodies of freedmen of Paulus Emilius and Julius Cæsar, and of the tiring woman of Messalina.

The City Plate on Hire.—A London alderman, having accepted an invitation, the other day, to dine with a Jew, was surprised to recognize on the table of his host a selection of the city-plate. He told his colleagues of the circumstance, and it was then ascertained that the platekeeper was in the habit of letting it out! The corporation, it is rumored, have come to the resolution adopted by the old lady who had a silver tea-pot. The plate is never to be let out in future, unless the Lord Mayor be invited to the party.

A Derivation of "Gentleman."—In the age of Valentinian, the converts to Christianity in the Western Empire consisted chiefly of the middle classes in the towns. The agricultural population still adhered to traditions and superstitions of their ancestors with such tenacity, that the word "Pagans," which literally signifies the inhabitants of the rural districts, became a generic name for all classes of idolators. In the higher ranks, the Christians were chiefly found among the officers of State and the ministers of the Imperial Court, who were for the most part unconnected with the patrician body, and owed their elevation either to their military services or to imperial favour. The old patrician families, who have affected to trace their descent to the great aristocratic houses of the ancient republic—the "Gentiles," as they loved to call themselves—adhered to polytheism, which now alone afforded any external evidence of their hereditary rank; and hence "gentile-man," or "gentle-man," came to be used indifferently for a man of exalted birth or polished manners, and for one who rejected the truths of Christianity.—*Taylor's European Society.*

More clever than delicate.—French Manners.—One of our Paris letters narrates the following incident:—"The opening night of the Theatre Montpensier, of which M. Alexandre Dumas is the principal proprietor, was marked by much confusion. A gentleman and two ladies presented themselves with a ticket for box No. 9, calculated to accomodate four persons. They found it already occupied by a gentleman and two ladies, the boxkeeper having issued duplicate tickets for it. After some remarks on the irregularity of that officer, the gentleman newly arrived gallantly proposed to him in possession, that they (the two gentlemen) should remain in the lobby, and that the four ladies should occupy the box. 'Willingly,' said the first; 'but' (taking him aside, and whispering in his ear) 'it is only fair to tell you that the two ladies in the box are Mademoiselle Frizette and Mademoiselle Mogador, (notorious *coryphées* of the Bal Mabil). 'Thank you, thank you,' replied the other, 'we shan't intrude.' The first, triumphing in the *ruse*, returned laughing to—his wife and sister."—*Times.*

The Modern Urania.—*Hanover, March* 20, 1847. Miss Caroline Herschell, the sister, and for a long time, the fellow-labourer of the illustrious astronomer of that name, and who has made herself famous by astronomical researches and discoveries, and particularly by the construction of a *selenographic globe* in relief, which re-produces, with a scrupulous fidelity, all accidents of the surface of the moon, has celebrated on the 16th of this month, the ninety-seventh anniversary of her birth. On this occasion his Majesty, the King, sent to compliment Miss Herschell; their Royal Highnesses the Prince Royal and his wife, as well as the Hereditary Prince paid her a visit, and the Princess Royal offered to her a magnificent arm-chair, of which her Royal Highness had embroidered the back. On the same day, the Minister of Prussia, at Hanover, transmitted to Miss Herschell, on the part of his Sovereign, the great gold medal for the extension of the sciences. Miss Herschell, notwithstanding her great age and the infirmities which are inseparable from it, possesses still an admirable activity of mind. She gives herself up every day, for several hours, to the astronomical works, which have been the delight of her whole life, and it is not seldom that she passes an entire night in the observatory that she has got constructed on the top of the house which she inhabits in this capital.—*Journal des Debats, March* 26. 1847,

Education in Prussia.—All children between the ages of seven and fourteen years are directed to be either sent to school, or educated at home by their parents. If the latter plan is preferred, the municipal authorities are to be informed in what manner the education is provided. If the former, attendance is insured by keeping lists of absentees, and submitting them, at short stated intervals, to the inspection of local committees. These are empowered to summon the parents in case of negligence, and to reprimand them; or, in extreme cases, to punish them by the infliction of such penalties as are commonly awarded by police tribunals—that is, we presume, by fine and imprisonment. The parents are also deprived, as a measure of extreme rigour, of all participation in the public provision for the poor. On the other hand, if poverty be the cause of absence, the commune is to furnish needful assistance in the shape of clothes or otherwise. The number of children thus educated is stated by M. Cousin to have been 2,043,030 in the year 1831—a number which, after deducting unadvoidable absentees, embraces the whole population between seven and fourteen years of age.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

In the English Establishment, secessions to Rome, instead of being "over," as the Tractarian writers would lead us to believe, are going on at a rate which is evidently increased and increasing. The *Tablet* says:—"The number of *clergymen* who have joined the Church of Rome, in the course of the last eighteen months, is now about seventy"—"the converts from the upper and middle ranks of society *considerably exceed* that number."

Electric Clock with Perpetual Motion.—Mr. Bain, according to the *Ipswich Journal*, is about to erect his electrical clock in the tower of Wenham church, with power of motion to be incessantly maintained by a perpetual electric current derived from the earth.—*The Builder.*

A Prophecy.—The Duke of Northumberland, in conversation one day with Lord Mansfield, spoke of the comfort of reading the newspapers at breakfast. "The comfort of reading the newspapers," said Lord Mansfield, "mark my words, you and I shall not live to see it, but soon or later these newspapers, if they go on as they now do, will most assuredly write down the Dukes of Northumberland out of their titles and possessions, and the country out of its King. Mark my words for this will happen."

Tenure of Land in China.—The laws which regulate agriculture and the transfer of lands, &c. are the same as those laid down by Confucius. The emperor is the universal owner, so that all lands are held in occupation from him. The occupier can be dispossessed at pleasure. The chief security a Chinese farmer has in the possession of his land, is his means of cultivating it. When this is the case, a spot of land will descend from father to son, for many generations. Many farmers lease out a portion of their land, the rent of which is partly paid in kind. By far more than one half of the cultiv